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# The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXV. NUMBER 6

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1929

4 Cents Per Copy \$2.00 Per Year

## BETHEL AND VICINITY

Clarence Judkins of New York City is in town.

Herbert Winslow is building a cottage at Songe Pond.

Mrs. Charles Crosby is ill at her home in Skillington.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Glover of Oxford were in Bethel Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Andrews and family were in Berlin Sunday.

Tarla was applied the first of the week to the village streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hamlin and Annie Hamlin were in Berlin Sunday.

Tuesday and Wednesday of this week were the hottest of the season.

Now lot of Silk Dresses at Lyon's, ad.

Mrs. O. H. Brans of Augusta visited her mother, Mrs. Harriet Twaddle, Sunday.

Mrs. Andrew Cole of Berlin was last week's guest of her sister, Mrs. Fred Hamlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Buck and three children of Bryant Pond were in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alanson Tyler of Bethel visited at L. M. Kenner's West Bethel, Sunday.

White Rayon Underwear for graduation at Lyon's.

Mrs. Verna Berry spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. Leon Fickett, at New Gloucester.

Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Edwards and Miss Betty Edwards were in Vermont over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Van Den Kerkhoven have moved into the Naimay Block on Main Street.

Mrs. Mabel O'Brien and daughter, Patricia, and Mrs. Virgie McMillin spent Thursday in Norway.

Mrs. Fred Hamlin and Mrs. Andrew Cole were guests of Mrs. Burchard Russell at Rumford Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Butler of Gorham, Maine, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thurston.

Mrs. Norman Sanborn spent last week in Portland and Gorham, Maine, visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Minnie Capen, Mrs. E. M. Carter, Miss Rebecca Carter and Ernest Walker spent Friday in Portland.

Grammar School Entertainment, William Bingham Gymnasium, Friday, May 31, 1929. 8 P. M. Admission 25¢.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Lord of South Paris were Sunday callers of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Hapgood and family.

Miss Mary Sanborn spent the week end with her grandmother, Mrs. L. M. Kenner, at West Bethel Flat.

Mr. and Mrs. John Holt, Mrs. J. U. Parmenter and daughter Belle of Andover, Mass., were in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Hutchinson and son Richard spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Cole at Locke's Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jamieson of Portland were week end guests of Mrs. Ula Parsons and family at the Hapgood farm.

Robert M. Brown is ill at his home on the Locke's Mills road. Miss Eleanor Abbott, R. No. 1 of Portland is caring for him.

Recent callers at Jack McMillin's were Mr. and Mrs. Will Yates of West Paris and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ring of Bryant's Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bean and daughter, Adelaide, Florence and Muriel, are spending a few days with relatives at Haverhill, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Farwell were in West Paris and Lovell Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Swan of Bryant Pond accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Merrill and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Baker and daughter arrived at Naples Sunday and called on relatives en route.

The Academy pupils of Mrs. Nellie Brickett will hold their annual recital Wednesday evening, June 5, at the William Bingham Gymnasium.

Mrs. Alma Mitchell returned home Saturday after spending several days in Gorham, N. H., during the illness and death of Nelson Twitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Littlehale are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter May 27 at the home of Mrs. C. D. Bean. The baby has been named Eileen Beatrice.

## School Notes

### WEST BETHEL PRIMARY SCHOOL

Those not absent nor tardy for the week ending May 24 were Sherwin Bennett, Jessie Brooks, Florice Grover, Donald Luxton, Barbara Martin, Lawrence Perry, Irene Saunders, Shirley Gilbert, Catherine Bean, Margaret Bennett, George Luxton, Rodney Martin, Warren Tyler, and George Auger.

Honor pupils are those having an average of 95% or over in both Arithmetic and Spelling. Honor pupils for the week were Donald Luxton, Lawrence Perry, Florice Grover, Barbara Martin, Sherwin Bennett, Jessie Brooks, Irene Saunders, Shirley Gilbert, Catherine Bean, Margaret Bennett, George Luxton, Herbert McKenzie, Warren Tyler, and George Auger.

### EAST BETHEL PRIMARY ROOM

Those receiving an average rank of 90% or above in Spelling are: Donald Holt, Genevieve Gould, Hazel Billings, Louise Farrar, Daisy LeBaron, Lawrence Tyler, Edward Holt, Lincoln Merrill.

Those receiving an average rank of 90% and above in Arithmetic are: Lawrence Tyler, Edward Holt, Lincoln Merrill.

### EAST BETHEL GRAMMAR SCHOOL

The following pupils had 100% in Arithmetic for one week: Joseph Holt, Raymond Bartlett, Agnes Howe, Nannette Foster, Elizabeth Foster, Ellen Burns, Eugene Burns, Freola Harrington, Ross Billings, Doris Farrar, Leonard Tyler, Mildred Farrar.

Those having an average of 90% and above—Nellie Harrington, Willard Farwell, Grace Foster, and Frances Billings.

Those having 100% in Spelling for the week: Shirley Cole, Eva Beck, Charles Losier, Vivian Brown, Hilda Hawes, Eleanor Beck, Danny Quincy, Charles Losier, Hilda Hawes, Helen Daniels, Catherine Losier, Danny Quincy, Vivian Brown, Arlene Morse, Harry Bennett, Eleanor Beck, Dorothy Daniels, John Bennett, Phyllis Curtis, Norman Curtis, Betty Brown, Marge Curtis, Clayton Bryant, and Raymond Emborg.

Those having a average of 90% and above—Eugene Burns, Nellie Harrington, Mildred Farrar, Frances Billings, George LeBaron, Joseph Holt, Agnes Howe.

### GILEAD VILLAGE SCHOOL

Pupils not absent or tardy for the week ending May 24: Shirley Cole, Eva Beck, Charles Losier, Vivian Brown, Hilda Hawes, Eleanor Beck, Danny Quincy, Charles Losier, Hilda Hawes, Helen Daniels, Catherine Losier, Danny Quincy, Vivian Brown, Arlene Morse, Harry Bennett, Eleanor Beck, Dorothy Daniels, John Bennett, Phyllis Curtis, Norman Curtis, Betty Brown, Marge Curtis, Clayton Bryant, and Raymond Emborg.

Those receiving 100% in Spelling for the week: Shirley Cole, Eva Beck, Charles Losier, Vivian Brown, Hilda Hawes, Eleanor Beck, Danny Quincy, Charles Losier, Hilda Hawes, Helen Daniels, Catherine Losier, Danny Quincy, Vivian Brown, Arlene Morse, Harry Bennett, Eleanor Beck, Dorothy Daniels, John Bennett, Phyllis Curtis, Norman Curtis, Betty Brown, Marge Curtis, Clayton Bryant, and Raymond Emborg.

### MIDDLE INTERVAL SCHOOL

Those who received 100% in Arithmetic for the week ending May 24: Jeanette Sanborn, Helen Stevens, Lester Valentine, Dennis and Ralph Winslow.

Those receiving 90% in Spelling for the week: Vivian Brown and Arlene Morse.

### WATERFORD

Miss Annie Grover Pike (Mrs. John Pike) has gone with her baby from Dr. Hubbard's, her mother's home on the Grover farm.

Last week Dr. R. E. Hubbard took his young son Rawell to Portland for an operation for adenoids.

Good progress is now being made on the new church and community house to replace the ones burned a year ago.

In excavating for the foundation of the Community House, indications of a permanent water supply for the new church plant were found. If this can be developed, it will be a great convenience, as the old plant had no water system.

The Dudley family have returned to Florida and they are preparing for the final summer session at the Lake Shore House.

Last Friday the Eastern star served a supper in the Masonic Hall.

The Dudley family have returned to Florida and they are preparing for the final summer session at the Lake Shore House.

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## SOCIETY DIRECTORY

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A., meets in Masonic Hall the second Sunday evening of every month, Mr. Harrington, W. M.; Ernest E. Beebe, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month, Mrs. Harrington, W. M.; Mrs. Pearl Tibbits, Secretary.

M. T. ADAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening, G. O. Demeritt, N. G.; Arthur Brinck, Secretary.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 1, O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month, Beatrice V. Brown, G.; Mrs. Gertrude Hoyker, Secretary.

SUDSBURY LODGE, No. 22, K. of P., meets in Grange Hall the first and third Sundays of each month, Bernard Wolfe, C. C.; Kenneth Melvin, K. of P. and S.

NACCOMI TEMPLE, No. 69, CYTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month at Orange Hall, Mrs. Bertha Heeler, M. E. C.; Mrs. Constance Heeler, M. of B. C.

BROWN POST, No. 54, G. A. R., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, A. M. Bean, Commander; J. Brown, Adjutant; L. N. Bartlett, M.

BROWN, W. H. C., No. 16, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the second and third Thursday evenings of each month, Mrs. Alice Jordan, President; L. L. Burbank, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MUNDT POST, No. 31, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in rooms, J. M. Harrington, Commander; Charles Taell, Adjutant.

COL. C. S. EDWARDS CAMP, NO. 5, of V., meets first Thursday of each month in the Legion rooms, L. A. Miner, Commander; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

BETHEL ORANGE, No. 56, F. of H., meets in their hall the first and third Sunday evenings of each month, F. Howell, M.; Eva M. Hastings, Secretary.

Parent-Teachers' Association, Meets every second Monday of each month at Grammar School during school year, G. F. Russell; Secretary Mrs. E. Tibbets.

and the  
Association  
say we try something more romantic  
than drygoods partnerships. I-I love you, Sally!"

And blissfully Sally saw her old dream fulfilled.

ALONG LIFE'S  
TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK  
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

## DANGER

"Danger!" the sign at the roadside announced, and then in explanation, "slippery pavement." The road looked quite safe; it was level and smooth and through an open country which gave one a clear view of the path ahead. But there were on the roadside signs we wheeled along — small white crosses which no Ohio Indian has met an accidental death. Eighteen of them mounted within a space of a few miles, their presence there was a warning and told vividly the tragic story that in spite of the danger signs, some one had taken a chance, had thought that even though the road were treacherous and full of danger he knew better than his predecessors how to guide the machine and to steer clear of accident and yet every month or two another cross is added to the list.

It was dark before we reached Columbus, and occasionally we would come upon cars parked on a side road with no light burning. The spot light turned on the apparently abandoned machine revolved young people within, their arms about each other, happy apparently, and unconscious of passers-by. They were quite able to take care of themselves, these eighteen-year-olds, I am sure they would have said, but it is a slippery road upon which they are traveling and along the roadside, if they were not blinded by the light of their own passions, there could have been seen the little white crosses marking the spots where virtue and self-control and true love had set their deaths. Some escape mortal disaster, but there is danger real and imminent.

I have had a long experience with those who knew when and how to stop, and I know that the road is slippery. There is danger and white crosses mark the path.

(C. 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Experienced  
Only"

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(Copyright)

**BRADLEY RICHARDS** did not realize that, at the time he left Dightonville for the city, he was greatly looked up to by all the small girls in town.

His reputation as the star football man on the local high school team, the swagger way in which he strode about the streets, his charming smile as seen at the movies or Sunday school entertainments, had enshrouded him in a dozen youthful hearts, the most faithful of which was Sally Bradbury's.

Five years in the city modified Bradley's swagger but did not change his profile nor erase his memory from Sally's dreams. Not, however, that he remembered Sally! Even when she was most worshiping from the side lines or across the aisle, he had been unconscious of her very existence.

His success at football had not followed him in business. One job after another had been tried out and he was embarking on his fifth venture when the letter telling of his uncle's sudden death back in Dightonville reached him.

"Now he has left you," wrote his old friend and lawyer, "the house he was born and died in and the store that gave him his living."

He got out of the Dightonville train the following afternoon. His throat tightened when he crossed the threshold of the old white house. After all, it had been his home for years.

It was when he went down to the store, however, that he was seized by an idea.

He hadn't made good in the city. Suppose he took over this down-the-holes emporium with its out-of-date stock and cobwebbed windows and tried to make a success of it.

To be sure, he knew nothing about the drygoods business. He would have to have an experienced clerk.

Next morning there appeared in the Dightonville Star an advertisement: "Wanted—A clerk in Richards' Dry-goods Emporium. Experienced only need apply."

That afternoon a special delivery letter reached him. It read:

"Dear Mr. Richards:  
I am applying for the position of clerk in your store. (By the way don't you think it would sound more modern to call it a Department Store instead of an Emporium?)

"If you will hold this position open for three days, or even two, I will be at liberty and will call on you.

"I am sure you are going to be a success."

"Yours truly,

"S. MARSHBURY."

That afternoon Bradley went across the street to the one other store in town handling the same sort of stock as his uncle. Bradley's old classmate, Dick Endleott, now owned and ran it and Bradley was anxious to strengthen relations before any spirit of rivalry should start it.

He was leaving, after a pleasant chat in the office with Dick, when he passed a strikingly pretty girl looking up at him from her typewriter. Their glances met and the girl blushed furiously.

Three days later she walked into his store and applied for the job as clerk. She said she was the S. Marshbury who had written to him.

But Bradley shook his head. "I'm very sorry," he said, and meant it, "but I don't want to start business by hiring my neighbor's clerk."

For a moment Sally seemed startled. Then at a loss for what to say. Finally, "I was going to leave anyhow," she declared. "Mr. Endleott knew it. I assure you he will be glad rather than sorry!"

Somehow or other, Bradley got the idea from the tone of her voice that she had been discharged. The thought gave him a bold, new feeling of sympathy. He had been discharged and knew how she felt. He gave her the job.

In the days that followed Bradley frequently patted himself on the back for having had sufficient perspicacity to hire a clerk with "experience." Instinctively, she seemed able to gauge the needs of her township and to advise Bradley in his buying accordingly.

But not until Sally had been working for him for some time was he able to pin her down as to the extent of her experience.

They were standing one day in the doorway of the store and from a nearby garden drifted the声 of ill health for several years.

"How long?" asked Bradley. "You work for Dick?"

She didn't answer for a minute. Then, "Three days," she said into her breathless lips.

"Oh, I'll explain! When I said I made up my mind to make a good advertisement I made up my mind to land the job. I had a special experience but Dick married my cousin and I forced him into letting me work for three days for him so that technically I could be eligible."

Bradley regarded her enviously. How lovely she was! But this tall she, an only child of a well-to-do father, had been so anxious to work for him!

"Sally," he said impulsively, "why say we try something more romantic than drygoods partnerships? I-I love you, Sally!"

And blissfully Sally saw her old dream fulfilled.

## SOUTH WATERFORD

Mrs. Ernest Brackett, and friend, Mrs. Tyson of West Melford, Mass., who visited Mrs. Brackett's brother, Claus Nelson's, for several days left for home on Tuesday, May 21st. Mrs. Florence Nelson and little Malcolm returned with them for a visit of two weeks.

Merle McKeen and friend, John McCormon, of Fort Williams, South Portland, spent the week end of May 19th, with Merle's mother, Mrs. Stuart Parker. They returned to Portland by motor with Mr. Parker who was on his way to Haverhill, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Collins and children, Billy and Anita, were in Skowhegan and Athens on Saturday where they spent the week end with friends. Mrs. M. Etta Watson went to Mechanic Falls and spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Tanberg.

Mrs. Ida Riggs is slowly improving. Thomas W. Hardy opened his house Wednesday after spending the winter in Dedham and Lowell, Mass., with his daughter, Mrs. Walter Young and son, Orson.

Mrs. Jennie Haynes motored to Hallowell with her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. George Murf of North Bridgton.

Two tables of bridge were enjoyed at the home of Mrs. M. Etta Watson on Friday night in spite of the rain. Mrs. A. Monroe held the highest score and Dorothy Holden and Ethel Monroe second.

A fine supper was served in the Grange Hall on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Bertha Palmer were in charge. The picture was "The Jack Knife Man," starring Jerome Vidor.

Oliver Robins, Jr., leased the Mulford farm and has moved his family.

Mrs. Mulford, John and little Albert are boarding with them.

Roland Gerry of Pittsburg, Pa., was in town Sunday calling on friends.

Mrs. Alfred Abbott fell backwards to the kitchen floor Saturday morning. No bones were broken but the shock and shaking up were bad for her in her health.

Leon York is doing quite a bit of farming on the Charles Leavitt farm at the Flat. Harry Chaplin has been helping him.

Bear My Community Club met with Fannie Green on Friday and convened their meeting after several weeks of no meetings during house cleaning.

Orvin Brown has a new Chevrolet sedan. He and Donald Lambard of East Oxford were at Mr. Munro's on Sunday.

Mrs. Marguerite Pearson McIntire of Norway collected socks in the church on Sunday. She gave a talk on Mansfield. She came to supply in the United Parish during Mr. Bell's absence, and her services were greatly appreciated.

Raymond Saunders, one of our Waterford boys who has been principal of Oxford High School, has a position in a preparatory school for West Point in New York. His work there will start in the Fall.

Mrs. Alma Learned spent the day recently with her daughter, Mrs. Maude L. Scoborn. Mrs. Learned had not visited her daughter for over a year.

Callers at W. W. Abbott's Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hazelton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marston, David LaBrooke and Miss Sadie Rose of North Waterford.

Helen Stevens is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. C. Goodwin.

Mrs. Kate Nichols of Lumbard was a week and a half at her sister, Mrs. Leon York.

Stoney, Marguerite and Agnes Brown are boarding in North Waterford and attending school there.

Sunday callers at Mrs. Riggs' were

Mrs. J. G. McIntire of Norway, Mrs. Edna Rose and Mrs. Charles Cheeseman of North Waterford.

Mrs. Clara F. Sargent

Mrs. Clara F. Sargent passed away in the City Hospital in Boston, Mass., on Tuesday afternoon at 12 o'clock, May 21, after an illness of two weeks. She was attacked with a stroke, followed by pneumonia. She had been in failing health for several years.

"How long?" asked Bradley. "You work for Dick?"

She didn't answer for a minute. Then, "Three days," she said into her breathless lips.

"Oh, I'll explain! When I said I made up my mind to land the job. I had a special experience but Dick married my cousin and I forced him into letting me work for three days for him so that technically I could be eligible."

Bradley regarded her enviously. How lovely she was! But this tall she, an only child of a well-to-do father, had been so anxious to work for him!

"Sally," he said impulsively, "why say we try something more romantic than drygoods partnerships? I-I love you, Sally!"

And blissfully Sally saw her old dream fulfilled.

her home with her mother. Part of these years were spent as matron of the Orphans' Home in Portland and practical nursing till her health became impaired.

The remains were brought from Watertown, Mass., and the funeral was held on Thursday afternoon at two o'clock. Rev. H. H. Holland of Bridgton spoke words of comfort to the bereaved family. The beautiful flowers spoke of love and respect.

She leaves a mother of 80 years and many cousins to mourn her loss. She was laid to rest in the family lot in Elm Vale cemetery.

hero and riding back and forth with the former's car.

The Ethel May Show Co. was here Saturday night and presented one of her best plays. The fine music by the orchestra that came with her was greatly enjoyed and one felt well paid for such an evening of entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Hazelton took Mr.

and Mrs. G. A. Marston to see their aunt, Mrs. Alretta Abbott, who had a bad spell Saturday.

The Memorial Services will be held here Thursday.

Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Bull are at Detroit, Mich., on a two weeks trip. Mrs. Rose and daughter, Marion, are staying at Mr. Bull's and caring for the children.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Newkirk and guest are at their cottage for a short time.

Mrs. Betsy Mills has gone to Albany and Bethel, visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McKeen entertained friends over the weekend.

The remains of Harris McKeon were brought here and placed in his family lot last Thursday.

Miss Lillian McKeon visited at Freeman McKeon's in West Waterford a few days last week.

Barry Andrews is visiting at his daughter's, Mrs. George Mills.

Meeting friends is an art, but keeping them in a science.

Clinton Andrews has purchased the stand owned by Willis McAllister. Mr. McAllister is now staying with Amos McLean.

Mrs. Laura McLean is enjoying a new Maytag washing machine also the chum attachment which goes with the washer.

Rev. Mr. Townsend gave a lecture on conditions in Porto Rico and showed slides to illustrate his talk at the Hall last Sunday evening.

Herbert McAllister and family are moving to their new home in North Lovell.

Mrs. Best, community nurse, and Miss Nasan from the State Department held an interesting mothers' meeting at the Grange Hall Monday afternoon.

Chester Howe and Fred Charles are boarding at Perley McKeon's and working on the road.

Mrs. Betsy Mills has gone to Albany and Bethel, visiting friends and relatives.

**THE  
OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN**  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
AT BETHEL, MAINE  
CARL L. BROWN, Publisher  
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the name of the contributor need not  
appear in print.

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Lawrence Perry, West Bethel; Bryant Pond, Gordan Chase, Ells Cummings, Carl Swan, Jr., Stevens Pharmacy, South Paris.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1929

### THE TOWN DOCTOR

(The Doctor of Towns)  
SAYS

#### ANYTHING LESS THAN THE BEST IS SOLD AT A DISCOUNT

There is an old and very true saying  
that "What the eye doesn't see, the  
heart doesn't fancy," but it is also  
true that the eye sees many things  
that blind the heart to that which it  
otherwise would fancy.

How often have you seen a blemish  
on the face of an otherwise beautiful  
woman, so noticeable that whenever you  
looked at her, you could not keep your  
eye off the blemish? She might be  
wonderfully gowned, marvelously  
groomed and exquisitely coiffed, but  
try as you might, you could only see  
the mark.

The appearance of anything either  
repels or invites ownership. Eighty  
per cent of those things sold today  
are purchased through, or the purchase  
is influenced by, the eye. What a thing  
looks like, therefore, is extremely im-  
portant in creating a desire in the  
minds of others for it.

The appearance of a town is just  
as important as the appearance of a  
package, the appearance of a show  
window, clothing, or anything that is  
purchased in the store or on the mar-  
ket.

Why do they put colored picture  
wrappers on cans of beans, corn or to-  
matoes—it doesn't make the contents  
of the can any better. Why do automobile  
manufacturers spend so much time,  
care and money on the exterior appear-  
ance of the motor car—it doesn't make  
the motor run any smoother or last any  
longer, or make the car ride any easier.  
Any package, even though the con-  
tents be unhammed, deprecates in value

### A Great War Hero

**J**HERE IS A story of gallantry and heroism  
—of Count Felix von Luckner, who disrupted Allied ship-  
ping on two oceans, gambling with his own life many times, but  
without taking that of any foe. Lowell Thomas, who writes his  
story, says he is the most romantic and mysterious figure produced by the Central Powers, in the World War; one fit to stand alongside of that other great figure of Thomas' recounting, Lawrence of Arabia. Do not miss the story, "COUNT  
LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL."

#### APPEARING AS A SERIAL IN THE CITIZEN DO NOT MISS IT.

If you are not now a subscriber of  
The Citizen and it is not convenient  
to buy one of our dealers or news  
boys, USE THIS COUPON BELOW to  
avoid missing a number while this  
serial is running.

THE CITIZEN, Bethel, Maine.  
Enclosed and 50 cents for a Three  
Months subscription to the Citizen to  
be sent to the following address.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

#### The Verdict

A prominent politician who has a  
grand, oratorical style is generally  
known by his Christian name, which  
happens to be Charles.

One day he rose before a crowded  
meeting and in a forceful and solemn  
tone began his speech as follows:

"Heaven is my witness, and you  
my fellow countrymen, are the jury."

"Hear me now, and then the silence was suddenly broken  
by a high-pitched voice ringing down  
from the gallery:

"You're guilty, Charlie!"—London  
Answer.

#### Her Idea

Little Mary, almost six years old,  
came home from kindergarten all  
thrilled, happily saying:

"I modeled in clay today, mother."  
Well, Mary," said mother, "What  
do you make?"

"Oh, I made the Statue of Liberty."

"Why, dear," said mother, "you never  
say the Statue of Liberty."

"I know that," replied Mary. "I  
just made it anyway and put a pipe  
in its mouth."

#### Cat Long Considered

##### Emissary of Witches

Cats have bulked large in the  
thought of both the Old world and the  
New. During the first of the more  
notable witch trials at Chelmsford,  
England, in 1566, it was charged that  
a white-spotted cat named "Sathan,"  
which sucked blood, had taken the  
form of a toad and caused the death  
of a man who happened to touch it.

An injunction widely followed was  
that cats must be kept away from a  
corpse to prevent them from mutilat-  
ing it or from "taking the soul of  
the dead." Increase Mather wrote:

"There are some who, if a cat ac-  
cidentally comes into the room, though  
they may neither see it nor are told  
of it, will presently be in sweat and  
ready to die away."

In eastern Kansas a cat washing her face before  
breakfast foretells rain; in western  
Maine a storm is assured if a cat  
scratches a fence; in Selly Cove,  
Newfoundland, tradition asserts that  
when a cat drowns in salt water, show-  
ers from the heavens may be expected

"I'm not dressed up at all. This  
old dress happens to be fit for nothing  
but the ragbag, but I thought I'd  
get a bit more wear out of it using  
it around the house. As for my feet—  
"Helen sank into a chair and thrust  
her feet up before her—I never let my  
feet go the way some do. It ruins  
your arches to wear old shoes."

Sue, flushing, promptly tucked her  
shabby brown oxfords as far out of  
sight as possible. Helen's feet looked  
charming. As for the dress—it might  
be old now, but it had been brand  
new just a little while before.

"What do you think of our acqui-  
sition?" she asked.

Helen looked at the chest of draw-  
ers carelessly.

"Old, isn't it? I hate old things.  
I'd rather have new any day. Have  
you seen that parlor suite in Whit-  
taker's front window? It's the swell-  
est thing, I think—black and lavender.  
I told George that I'd jump into the  
brook if he didn't get it for me, but  
he said, nothing doing. He's simply  
got to have a new suit of clothes.  
Since he joined that swell club he's  
getting too stuck on himself for any-  
thing. And of course I have to have  
things to make me presentable with  
such a stylish husband. I got me a  
new crepe—some class to it, I'll tell  
the world. But the price—I nearly  
fainted away when she said sixty-five  
dollars."

"I'm making—" Sue paused. She  
would be ashamed to bring out that  
vole picked up on the bargain counter  
and carefully designed by herself.  
She had a knack of sewing, but, of  
course, she could never hope to make  
a frock that would look like Helen's

sixty-five dollar crepe.

Suddenly Sue felt a little depressed.

The Chandlers seemed to get such a  
lot more out of life than she and Cal did.

They went everywhere, they  
owned it, they were in with a gay,  
stimulating, fashionable crowd. And

George was pretty sure of a promotion  
that would mean increased sal-  
ary. At the present moment he and  
Cal were drawing the same amount.  
Yet Cal insisted on conservation. They  
had a budget which they adhered to  
strictly. Every week so much went  
into the savings bank. Sometimes Sue  
would have relaxed, but Cal never.

"If you come out only one penny  
ahead you're a capitalist; if you come  
out one penny behind you're a spend-  
thrift," was his favorite quotation.

Helen sat there the whole morning.

She told about a luncheon she had  
been to yesterday and of a motor trip  
on Sunday with the Bassets, when  
George had to stand treat at the Ar-  
lington for chicken and shortcake.

And they were going to a party on  
Friday night. It sounded gay and  
careless and delightful to Sue, who  
had been obsessed by the humble  
problem of cooking a shank bone in a  
new way so as to disguise the fact  
that it was shank bone. An extra-  
gance of asparagus had reduced her  
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"One thing more," Helen said as  
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Isn't it? But I'm only going to open  
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Bassett's which will be empty the first  
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town."

Sue had nothing to say. She went  
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Not only the shank bone, but the whole business of living. She had  
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However, any mood of that sort  
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name and sound as Sue.

"What a nutty little quilter I'd be  
if I ever complained of Cal's way,"

she told herself. "He's splendid. He

is worth a whole road full of George

Chandlers. And I hope he prefers

me to Helen, although she is uncom-  
monly chic and pretty."

"I came in quickly, alert, vigor-

ous, smiling lunch eagerly.

"I smelled that stuff when I passed

its corner," he said, giving Sue three

glasses, one on each cheek and one

squarely on her tempting mouth. "It

looks good. Some cook I've got."

### WERE ON THE SAME SALARY

(By D. J. Walsh)

Sue smiled as she dished up the  
humble shank bone disguised as a rich  
and fragrant ragout. There was apple  
pie, too, and small crisp biscuit per-  
fectly browned. It was good to see  
the appetite Cal brought to his food.  
Never mind if that streak of Scotch  
in him came out in a tendency to  
say he was a splendid man and—she  
loved him.

She showed him the valve nearly  
completed and he praised it.

"We'll have to celebrate when you  
get it finished," he said. "I'll tell you,  
we'll take a little run out to Westville  
to see your sister. How does that  
strike you?"

Sue's glowing joy showed how that  
struck her.

"By the way, Pugs," Cal said as he  
finished his second piece of pie. "I've

got something nice to tell you. There's  
a dandy house for sale out on Peach  
street—the Mayhew house next to Joe  
Bassetts'. Mayhew has decided to sell  
it instead of renting it. He'll take  
half down and the rest in easy pay-  
ments. I told him we'd think it over  
and if you like it, all right. Can you  
go out there this afternoon? Get Helen  
to go with you. Pay her fare."

"Oh, Cal!" Sue was excited. "That's  
the very house Helen was telling me about  
this morning. They expected to rent it."

"Well, you know George didn't get  
that raise," Cal said coolly. "Prison  
got it. He told me this morning—George  
did. But the head of that company is  
sure a conservative fellow. He picks  
up wear every time. I'm sorry for George.  
He's knocked out. Seems he contracted a lot of  
debt on the strength of that raise—well,  
he asked me for a loan."

"How much?" Sue was vibrating  
with emotion. How right Cal was.  
Poor Helen. It was sickening even  
to think of her disappointment. And now  
to take the house she wanted—

"Twenty dollars. Something press-  
ing, probably. I let him have it. I  
know I am a fool," he grinned. "He  
never pays back, still—You won't  
scold me, Sue?"

Sue's eyes filled with tears. Across  
the little table she held out her hands  
and Cal clasped them.

"Cal! You're wonderful." Secretly  
she decided to squeeze a little in two  
or three places to make up for that  
loan, and Cal she knew would do the  
same.

"You're the wonderful one," Cal re-  
turned warmly. "Willing to let me  
apportion our finances and abide by  
the consequences. I knew you'd have  
to skimp, Sue—I'm sorry for George.  
I'm sorry for every fellow who hasn't  
a Sue to help him. George's hands  
are tied, really, with Helen."

But Sue, glowing with the thought  
of having a real home where moving  
day would be unknown, felt more  
secure for Helen.

**Flour From Apples**

Experiments are reported of the  
manufacture of flour from apples in the  
Pacific Northwest, and it is felt in some quarters that this project will  
show considerable development. It  
requires seven tons of apples to make  
one ton of flour. A baking company  
is now making and selling cookies  
manufactured from this by-product.

Shipments have gone as far east as  
Chicago, and the cookies seem to meet  
with favor. Because the apple flour  
contains no gluten, much experimen-  
tation was necessary to determine the  
right percentage of wheat flour to  
combine with the apple product in or-  
der to bake properly.

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"I

You Can Save by  
Buying your Stationery  
at the Citizen Office.

## Manager's Week

An Butter, lb. pail 19c, bulk 15c  
Butterhouse Milk, 3 cans 25c  
Lard, 1lb can 50c, sm can 31c  
Bars, 2 lbs. 21c  
M Beans, 3 cans 50c  
Peter Sardines, 3 cans 37c  
  
FLOUR SALE  
Sack, Pillsbury's, Gold Medal,  
24½ lb. bag 99c  
Dilly Pastry, 24½ lb. bag 86c  
Lard, 2 lbs. 27c  
Rumford Butter, 1lb. print 45c  
Hams, 4 lbs. 25c  
Pickle, plain or mixed,  
qt. jar 27c  
Pickle, plain or mixed,  
qt. jar 27c  
at jar 37c

The Great A & P Tea Co.  
C. W. LAMB, Mgr.

## Good-will

Good-will is evidenced when SATISFIED CUSTOMERS continue to do business where they are pleasantly treated.

Satisfied Customers do not hesitate to tell friends where to go.

Bethel National Bank  
Bethel, Maine

"Bringing Broadway to Maine" LAKEWOOD Five Miles North of Skowhegan

Box Office Open Daily 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Telephone, Skowhegan 434

TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK

## the lakewood players

Performance at 8 o'clock standard time

TREAT OF THE SEASON

A Delightful Mixture of Love and Laughter

"the dover road"

A. A. Milne's Romantic Success

Beginning Next Monday Evening

## WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

By PHILIP BARRY and ELMER RICE, Authors of the Broadway Hits, "Holiday" and "Street Scene"

BIG CAST INCLUDING WILLIAM COURTLIGH

BUNGALOWS and LODGE LAKEWOOD INN  
Perfect Overnight Accommodations Breakfast - Luncheon - Dinner

## THE FOWLER RANGE OIL BURNER

THE FOWLER RANGE OIL BURNER has the following features, not found in other burners:

It is built for long life, the castings alone weighing approximately 26 pounds.

Has a 6 Gallon Galvanized Iron Tank; doing away with the small, objectionable glass bottles.

Each burner is equipped with brass carburetor to regulate the flow. This is not used on other burners, and absolutely does away with air pockets in the oil lines.

Lights without priming, and produces a high temperature flame very quickly.

The Fowler Range Oil Burner is built for long life. Compare its heavy castings, all brass fittings and needle valves with any other burner on the market, and judge for yourself the great difference in durability.

H. ALTON BACON  
BRYANT POND  
MAINE

## GILEAD

Mr. and Mrs. Milan Bennett and Mrs. Charles Boomer of Norway were guests of Mrs. John Richardson last Sunday. George McLain and family have moved to Gorham, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Kimball of South Paris were guests of his sister, Mrs. John McBride Sunday.

Wilfred Charest is driving a new Chevrolet coupe.

A. A. Newell and wife of Gorham have moved into one of G. E. Leigh's rents.

Dr. W. B. Twaddle of Bethel was in town Sunday.

Mrs. Josephine Wheeler has gone to Gorham to visit her daughter, Mrs. B. Harriman.

Miss Emeline Heath of Auburn spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Heath.

George Daniels, C. C. Quimby, A. J. Blake and Joseph Rowe were business visitors in Rumford last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Springer and children and Mrs. Alice Marr of Portland are spending several day at their cottage here.

## NEWRY CORNER

Two State surveyors were in town last week staking out the new road by Bear River bridge.

Mrs. Hartley Hanson, her son and daughter, and Mrs. Fred Wright were at H. S. Hastings' one day past week.

Mr. Carl Godwin and daughter Gwen-dolin, Mrs. Arsenault and Mrs. Hubert were staying at Rumford shopping Thursday.

Miss Leona Fuller has been visiting at the home of Mrs. Martha Bartlett.

The remains of Diantha Powers were brought from Flagstaff Sunday and placed in the Newry cemetery. Services were held at the grave.

Mr. Corbett of Colebrook, N. H., is visiting his nephew, Leslie Corbett.

Jerry Wright of Colebrook, N. H., is staying at the N. S. Godwin farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Swan and son of Berlin were Sunday guests of her father, C. E. Burgess.

Mr. and Mrs. Abel Arsenault were in town Saturday evening.

Mrs. Merton Holt and son Ernest, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Hastings attended the service of Diantha Powers Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Patterson were Sunday guests at the home of M. A. Holt.

The grading of Stony Brook bridge was completed last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Godwin and son and Jerry Wright were in Colebrook Sunday.

Several of the men of the Androscoggin Log Driving Company camped in town last week.

## County News

## Fernald's Mill, Albany

Sickness seems to be in most every family in this vicinity. There are four on the sick list at Will McAllister's. The doctor was called Monday.

Elbridge Bird is on the sick list at this writing.

Flora and Clarence McAllister, who

have been very sick, are on the gain.

Clayton Penney has finished work for Leslie Kimball and is working in the mine where he has worked for the last two summers.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford McAllister from Locke's Mills visited her mother, Mrs. Flora McAllister Sunday.

Sunday callers at Carrie Logan's were her father, Roscoe Emery, Jessie Vashaw, Edith Wilbur, and Mr. and Mrs. Clifford McAllister.

Mrs. Winnie Emery, Florence Lapham and three children Walter, Howard and little Marion, spent the afternoon last Friday with Carrie Logan.

The Rawlings man was in this vicinity Monday.

## WEST PARIS

Memorial services were held at the Baptist Church Sunday morning. Rev. G. C. Smith of the United Parish gave the sermon. The Daughters of Veterans attended and several Boy Scouts acted as escorts. There was special music by the choir and the decorations at the church were very pretty.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ring and children, Keith, Anna, and Priscilla, of Locke's Mills were calling on Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Ring Sunday afternoon.

On Memorial Day the parade will start at I. O. O. F. Hall at 8:30 and march to the bridge where exercises will be held in memory of the sailor veterans, thence to the cemetery with music by the West Paris band. Exercises at the hall with readings, vocal music, and selections by the High school orchestra. Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes will deliver the address of the day.

Lewis C. Bates remains very sick although quite comfortable at this writing.

Mrs. Esther A. Tuell has gone to housekeeping in her home on Main Street. Her daughter, Mrs. Irvin L. Bowker of Portland, came Monday evening to spend a few days with her.

Lewis J. Mann has the German measles.

Sunday callers at Mr. and Mrs. Adney R. Tuell's were Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bailey, South Paris; Miss Margaret Tuell of St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland; Mrs. Esther A. Tuell, Mrs. Emma Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bishop, Mrs. Carrie French, Bethel; Mr. and Mrs. George G. Tuell and children, Gilman, Helen and Barbara, and Claribel Swift of South Woodstock, and H. R. Tuell, West Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Pike who have spent the winter in California have returned home.

Twenty-six Rebekahs, friends and children hung Mr. and Mrs. George Jackson a huge Maybasket Monday. It was a perfect surprise. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson just sat down on their front porch after flower gardening and watched the crowd coming across the bridge, and thought it was young folks going to hang a Maybasket. Soon Mr. Abbott drove into the yard with four young ladies bringing the Maybasket.

A 25c Cake of  
Woodbury's Facial Soap

For less than 10c

## Special

1 cake Woodbury's Facial Soap Regular Price 25c

5 cakes Jergen's Fine Toilet Soap Regular Price 50c

VALUE 75c

ALL FOR  
59c

BOSSEMAN'S  
DRUG STORE

## CHANDLER HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Schillenger were Sunday guests at Veur Bean's.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Bean took a Sunday motor trip to Gray and East Raymond. Ralph Hodgkins returned with them to cut pulp for Mr. Bean.

Edu Hodgkins and family spent Sunday at Veur Bean's. They were accompanied by Mrs. Archie Hodgkins and baby, Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Isaacson and daughter called on the hill Sunday.

Robert Kirk and the children spent Sunday afternoon at Snow's Falls.

## EAST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde L. Whitman and family entertained a party of relatives from Milin and Berlin, and from West Bethel Sunday.

True Brown sold a cow and a heifer to some cattle buyers from Otisfield recently.

We understand that Ernest Mundt and Mrs. Ina Potter were united in marriage at South Paris, last Friday evening. Their friends in this community wish them a long, prosperous wedded life.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Garber and little daughter, Ruth, from Bethel were Sunday callers on relatives in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben S. Tyler and family from East Bethel called at Maurice Tyler's on their way to Mason Sunday.

Miss Ira Bartlett spent the week end at her home here from Gould Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Trask and family from Massachusetts Monday after spending a few days visiting Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Hez Merrill of Bridgton were visitors of Mrs. Alfred Curtis Sunday.

Lester Coolidge spent the week end at Edgar Coolidge's.

Sunday company at Dame Harrington's were Mrs. Mahel Bartlett and Arthur Cross, Rhoda Goss, Mrs. Everett McKay; Pauline Harrington and her brother.

Bernard Harrington and Miss Maude Cummings were Sunday callers at Mr. and Mrs. Willis Bartlett's.

Miss Lillian Harrington has finished work at Mrs. Alice Farrington's, Locke's Mills.

Ralph Day and William Day have gone to Moosehead Lake.

Mrs. Roy Millett of Greenwood spent Thursday at Mrs. Dame Harrington's.

We refuse to become overly enthusiastic about the new coal that will burn without leaving ashes or cinders. The little woman has charge of that part of the house. We keep the radio going.

## FOR SALE

Second Hand Tractor Plow

Second Hand 2-Way Sulky Plow

## C. L. DAVIS

## Decoration Day

ONE of our most beautiful days is Memorial Day—it is our national day of remembrance.

It comes in early summer when blossoms are most beautiful.

The decorating of graves of our soldiers dead has become a regular custom.

In almost every city, village or hamlet churchyard in the land are to be found graves of comrades who died for the love of their country.

THE BETHEL SAVINGS BANK  
Bethel, Maine

## Ever Have anybody

PROVE to you why one tire is better than another?

I'd like to have a chance to do that—with Goodyear Tires.

I wouldn't spend time talking—I'd demonstrate.

I would show you how, in both tread and carcass, the Goodyear Tire is definitely superior.

I'd demonstrate the reasons for Goodyear's superior traction.

I'd demonstrate also the reasons for Goodyear's longer carcass life.

Just give me a chance—the information will be worth money to you.

Drop in any time and make me prove what I say.

## GOOD YEAR

The Tires That Millions More People Ride On

## CENTRAL SERVICE STATION

J. B. CHAPMAN, Prop.

MAINE

## ACADIA THEATRE

Waldo Street

Rumford, Maine

## HEAR THE VOICE OF

## VITAPHONE

The Greatest of all Talking Pictures

Mon-Tues-Wed-Thurs June 3-4-5-6

AL JOLSON in

"The Singing Fool"

Call 790 For Information

Three Shows Daily Matinee 2:00 Evening 6:30-8:30 at any other Rumford Daylight Saving Theatre

You'll Never Forget "The Singing Fool"

## America in Lead as User of Labor-Saving Devices



**Hand-Tasks Still Popular in Europe; Continent Has Yet to See Its First Suction Cleaner for Heating Plants and Chimneys.**

Americans travelling in Europe, and residents of this country whose early lives were spent abroad, think of the Old World as more than the site of superb mansions and art galleries, historical and religious shrines and magnificent pleasure places. They also dwell upon its quaint and picturesque ways of doing things, and the prevalence in everyday affairs of survivals of medieval manners.

Ancient cottages and manors such as Dunham Hall where Dorothy Mansfield lived her high romance, and the delightful farmhouses of France, from the crannies of whose thatched roofs, smoke and wild flowers grow—present a delightful contrast with the mechanical looking "clock brand-new" dwelling houses in this country.

Wood and stone still are carved by hand, and the smith still beats out graceful shapes in iron, for the embellishment of the home, and, despite the encroachment of the machine age, many things which modern America accomplishes mechanically still are arts of handicraft in Europe.

Old "Sweeps" Picturesque.

But, while all this has the great advantage of nice old picture-squeezes, it has disadvantages, too. For instance, there is the matter of chimney cleaning. In America the giant vacuum-cleaning machine has all but supplanted the old-time chimney sweep, whereas in Europe this dirty but extremely necessary job still is done entirely by manual labor.

Any morning the American traveler to Europe, be he in England, Germany, Switzerland or anywhere else, may see one or more of these strange figures in black hood, silk hat or tall-peaked cap, with brooms and brushes, ropes and rods over their shoulders, ladder and soap bag under arm, sauntering down the street, calling their trade to the housewives.

Elsewhere on this page are shown pictures of chimney sweeps of several European countries. By way of contrast, also, is printed a photograph of one of the thousands of mechanically-operated giant "chimney cleaning blimps" used throughout America, which does everything that any chimney sweep can do and a great deal more quickly and efficiently.

The Federal Institute of Thermodynamics describes the suction cleaner for heating plants as an enlarged edition of the household vacuum cleaner adapted to the heating field. Usually it consists of a 40-horse power motor mounted on a truck, a huge canvas bag, and what appears to be many gallons of soap to absorb.

The motor operates in fan which,

### A Little Secret for the Bride

#### All Items of Meal Finished Together If Cooked Under Pressure.

The bride's complaint who has not heard it dozens of times—is she not too much expense? It is not, right now how does she ever learn when to put the other in pots of a dinner set so that she'll get satisfied in the first or ready in the right time? Cooking dinner time is her value, and no wonder, because with knowledge and experience years of experience and the work of the expert.

In fact, many women keep house for years and never fully get the kind of having everything ready at just the right time. As a result, the food is cold because the dishes are underdone, half-cooked or overcooked, and the family suffers right along suffering, without perhaps even knowing why.

Hurry the bride, then, who early

learns about cooking under pressure instead of the old-fashioned open-kettle method. With the pressure cooker, the entire meal is cooked at once and the same time and everything is automatically ready together. And



A Natural Method of Pressure  
Cooking. It Costs Less at Once.

#### MYSTERY MELODRAMAS AT LAKEWOOD NEXT WEEK

The vogue for mystery stories and plays will manifest itself at Lakewood next week in a diverting Broadway success entitled "Cock Robin." It was originally produced by Guthrie McClintock at the 48th Street Theatre, New York, and it is the joint work of two of America's ablest playwrights, Philip Barry and Elmer Rice. Mr. Barry and Mr. Rice have written any number of great plays, and they are now represented on Broadway with considerable distinction by "Holiday" and "Street Scene," two of the town's biggest hits. "Street Scene" has just won this year's Pulitzer Prize.

The play to which The Lakewood Players will lend their best efforts has to do with "Who killed Cock Robin?" and it was acclaimed by such critics as Alexander Woolcott, Percy Hammond, John Anderson, Robert Little, and other well known metropolitan judges of the drama, as one of the most engrossing and ingenious plays of last season.

Quite unlike the ordinary mystery play, it does not rely upon trap doors, shots in the dark and other mechanical devices to attain its thrilling effects. The murder is done in full view of the audience; there is no attempt to conceal the crime; and yet, only the shrewdest playgoers with a keen sense of observation can name the guilty person. The audience, therefore, is the detective force and through three acts of suspense it weaves its web of evidence for the denouement. Nothing like "Cock Robin" has ever been seen at Lakewood.

"Cock Robin" will have the largest cast seen at the theatrical resort so far this season, bringing to the Lakewood stage for the first time the eminent Broadway star, Wm. Courtleigh. It will also serve to bring back to The Lakewood Players the young and accomplished actor, Humphrey Bogart, so well remembered from last season. The balance of the cast will consist of Frances Goodrich, Kathryn March, Thurston Hall, Upstone Richards, Willis Clark, Robert Hudec, Kathryn Keys, Ruth Garland, and Samuel T. Godfrey.

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## SAFETY CAMPAIGN

Central Railroad and Automobile Association which, of Maine division of the Automobile Association, a grade crossing accident according to Safety Sup-

Dunn of Portland, was the toll of highway accidents on the Maine 928." Mr. Dunn declared a notable situation, as ever, Alertness on the part equal to that exercised by all engineers can absolutely prevent grade crossing accidents.

Frank E. Dunn, manager, Frank E. Dunn, the Maine Association, is cooperating in a possible manner with the in urging Maine motorists to the causes of grade crossings and is distributing posters and literature on this problem. Alertness he believes, on the part of motorists can and will prevent grade crossing accidents.

in headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, in handy tubes of 30 tablets 50c, medicine \$1.00 at any pharmacist or receipt of Wol Co., Holton, Kas.

**Dental Pain!**

built that it is to motorizations of these and five more economically my is still de- to the manu- to do so as The follow- ces for recon-

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labor only, depend on these parts Ford policy of profit.

## COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL

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by Lowell Thomas

thought now that, under cover of darkness and with the aid of the moon, we might shorten our voyage to the Atlantic by cutting through the channel between the Orkney Islands and the Shetlands. I was about to do this when the news changed, when the scene shifted abruptly from southwest to southeast. The change came suddenly so that the twisting winds had already blown our masts out by the time we reached the Shetlands. Somehow, that seemed to be warning to us, a warning not to go through that channel.

A sailor believes in signs. And nothing told me to take a more northerly course, nearer the Arctic Circle and the Faroes. Later, we learned that the German submarine men had tried to pass through that channel and were never seen again.

The channel had recently been mined, and, after a short shift of the storm, too would have shared the fate of Bremen. With sails still full ahead, we continued north, nearer the Polar zone. It grew very cold. The waves dashed over and the water froze where it fell.

Lumber cargo was so coated with ice that not a stick of lumber could be seen. The deck was like a skating rink, and the ship's bow one huge block of ice. Everything froze, including the sails. The ropes became coating and would no longer run through blocks. We tried to thaw them out with oxygen flame, but they froze again in the moment the flame was removed. Unable to change the sails, we were helpless.

A turn on the motor would only make matters worse, because that would carry us toward the Pole all faster. We knew that unless the hand of God intervened within a few days we would be hopelessly caught in the Polar pack and probably never freed again.

So long as the wind came from the south, we were sure to continue on north. We were in the region of eternal night now, except for a few minutes each day. The sun rose at eleven and set at half-past seven. If we continued this crazy voyage to the North pole, we would be smashed in the ice, by Joe.

Christmas eve came, and we prayed God to send us the one Christmas present, the only one that could save us—a north wind to blow us south.

The British had given up now, and we saw that she was the Avenger, an armed merchant cruiser of some fifteen thousand tons. She had big guns trained on us, and her officers were on the bridge looking us over with their glasses.

The cruiser had put out a small boat. Two officers and sixteen sailors were rowing toward us. We must receive them cordially, I thought. Going to the gramophone I put on, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." That will make the officers feel good. I also told the cook to stand in the door of the galley with a bottle of whisky in his hand. I know the British! I know what they like, and I guessed that while the officer proceeded with his job, his lackeys would go poking about to see if they might find anything suspicious. I also suspected that they would go to the galley and slug out:

"I there, Cookie, got any grog?" Always give a British sailor a drink, or a German sailor, or an American sailor, or any kind of a sailor, for that matter.

The boat was alongside. I began to swear at my men. It was hard for them to forget their naval habits, and, with an officer coming aboard, they were standing as stiffly as if at attention.

"Take the line, by Joe. Give a hand, by Joe. Don't stand there like wooden men, by Joe."

Then, too, it would sound natural to hear a Norwegian skipper swearing at his men.

It was hard work, but who cared?

Now that we were getting warm again? We were through the blockade and out of the Arctic—and now to the "Freedom of the Seas" and the allies a touch of high life.

"By Joe," I said to my boys, "and let call it a blackbird!" You would have thought the fellow the lookout was answering me. "Steamer ahoy," he sang out.

What? A steamer in these parts? I climbed aloft with my glasses to see enough. There was a British armed cruiser steaming toward us at speed. She had the signal flying: "Stand by or we fire!" Such bad luck after such good luck! Our second Christmas present was so amusing. But now for our

third. You non-Norwegian chaps below deck! Throw water everywhere to explain why our papers are

the time while his men made for the galley. I ushered the two officers to the cabin. The one who stuck his head in first retreated holding his nose.

"What a hell of a smell!" "Excuse me, Mister Officer, but my stove is out of order. I could not know you gentlemen were giving me a visit today."

"Oh, never mind, captain, that's all right, that's all right."

I had purposely hung my underwear up to dry so it would be in their way and so that, in stooping to get under it, they would see the name "Knutson" embroidered on it. As the chief search officer crossed the cabin he suddenly saw my charming wife Josephine, with her blonde wig, her swollen jaw, and the rug hiding her big feet.

"Oh, excuse me." "That is my wife, Mister Officer. She has been having a bad go with the toothache."

He was chivalrous. Just as most Englishmen are. He might have been talking to a court lady, instead of that rascal Schmidt.

"Sorry, madam, to intrude like this, but we must do our duty."

"All right!" said my lovely but somewhat distorted better half in a high falsetto voice out of one corner of her mouth.

"By Joe, captain, you haven't much cabin left, have you? You have been through some rough weather!"

"I wouldn't mind the rest, Mister Officer, but look at my papers. They are soaked, too."

"I can understand that, after the weather you've had."

"Yes, Mister Officer, it's all right for you to see them in this condition, because you saw the storm yourself, but later, if I meet some of your comrades who didn't hit the blow that we had, they may not take my word for it. That's what's worrying me."

"Oh, don't worry, captain, I'll give you a memorandum explaining the condition of your papers. You are lucky to have saved your ship."

That memorandum was just what I wanted. There was no telling when we might be searched again.

I had the papers scattered all over the cabin to dry, and each time I handed one to him I spat a stream of tobacco juice on the cabin floor. He examined the papers with a practiced eye and made entries in his notebook. Each page in his book was for a ship and I could see that thirty or forty pages had been used already. Yes, he was an experienced officer.

When he came to the last document,

the one signed with the false signature of the British consul at Copenhagen and sealed with a false British imperial seal, and read the formal statement that the ship's cargo of lumber was destined for the use of the British government in Australia. He turned to me suddenly.

The cruiser had put out a small boat. Two officers and sixteen sailors were rowing toward us. We must receive them cordially, I thought. Going to the gramophone I put on, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." That will make the officers feel good. I also told the cook to stand in the door of the galley with a bottle of whisky in his hand.

"These papers are all right, captain."

In the excitement of the moment I suddenly swallowed my chew of tobacco. I was afraid this might give away our whole shum away. So I coughed and coughed as though with a cold, trying to cover up what had happened. What would a British search officer think if a Norwegian skipper got sick?

My mate Leudemann saw that I was standing next to me holding the log book. I had told him to have it ready in case the British should want to examine it. Leudemann saw there was something wrong with me, and was quick-witted enough to divert the search officer's attention, by handing him the book.

"Oh, yes, the log," exclaimed the officer, and opened the wet pages.

The log of tobacco seemed to be moving up and down my gutt. I struggled with myself, and to show an outward calm I said to Leudemann in Norwegian:

"I wish I had that officer's camel's hump cap and hood. It would have been fine to keep a fellow warm while up there north of the Circle."

"For rain and spray, too," The Englishman spoke up in Norwegian to show that he knew the language.

You must admire how careful those English are. The officer examined every page of the log.

"How is this, captain?" he exclaimed. "You were told up three weeks and a half?"

There was a discrepancy in dates which represented our wait after the admiral had ordered us not to sail because of the return of the submarine, Deutschland, and the consequent increased vigilance of the blockade. I had not thought of it. Here was the one detail that we had neglected to provide for in our elaborate detailed preparations. Even if I have been in the best of health, I should not have known what to reply. With

that tobacco quid running around in side of my body I could only pray to God for help.

Again Leudemann saved the situation. He was a little fellow and simple-hearted, but a great character. When bad times came, Leudemann was at his best.

"We didn't lie there for pleasure," he said in his dry way as he looked up at the big Englishman. "We had orders from our owner not to sail until we got word."

"Have you been warned then about German cruisers?"

"What's that?" "Never heard about the Moors and auxiliary cruiser. See Seele?"

The search officer turned to me.

"What about this that your mate is saying captain?"

My stomach felt much better, now that Leudemann had spoken. So I thought I might as well give the Eng

lishman a good dose.

"There were rumors at home in Norway that two cruisers and sixteen German submarines had put out of port."

The search officer's comrade, who had been looking around the cabin, came over to us when he heard all this.

"I think we had better be going," he spoke up suddenly.

"Yes," replied the other, and they went on deck.

They made no attempt at questioning the sailors or investigating the sailors' belongings.

"Your papers are all right, captain," said the search officer, "but you will have to wait here for an hour until you get a signal to proceed."

"All right, Mister Officer."

One of my boys, who was of a pessimistic turn of mind, heard this. As he was walked away from my cabin he said out loud to himself:

"Everything is lost."

Down below were the members of my other crew, waiting in the dark. They were right beneath the door of the deck, straining their ears to catch any word that might give them an idea how things were going on deck.

They heard the exclamation, "Everything is lost," and took it for the official word that we were discovered and for the command to do what was to be done in that case. They lit the fuses of the three bombs that were to blow up the ship, and waited for the hatches to be opened to let them on deck to the boats. The fuses would burn for fifteen minutes.

The British were in their boat now, trying to push off. But you can't hold a sailing ship in one place like a steamer. She keeps drifting. And the section of the Seeadler as she drifted held their boat so it couldn't get away.

What was still worse, it kept drifting out, and if it got under our stern, they would have been sure to see our propeller. A sailship with a propeller?

Yes, we have done it, as there was nothing to that effect in our papers. Seizing a rope, I threw it overboard to ward them.

"Take the rope, Mister Officer, take the rope," I shouted as though clumsily trying to help them.

That made them look up, so that the rope might not fall on their heads. I leaped over the deck just as they were drifting around our stern and away.

The others thanked me, and one of them, angry with his men for not being able to push the boat off, exclaimed:

"I have only fuses on my boat."

"Yes, maybe you have," I thought, "and maybe you are the worst fool of all."

My stomach was quite normal now, so I was happy that I even felt as though I could digest this quid of tobacco.

The men on deck fell like

cheering and shouting, but they had

no time to go on about their jobs as though nothing unusual had been going on until the cruiser was far away.

They just gritted their teeth and

were the grits that I thought they would split their faces.

My first thought was to bring the happy news to the boys in the darkness down below. I went to one of the secret hatches, which they had fastened from within.

"Open," I shouted.

There were vague sounds below.

"Open up," I called again.

Then I heard a muffled voice say:

"Open the flood valves."

"What's that?" I yelled. "What's the matter? Open the hatch!"

The hatch opened. I saw troubled faces. I could hear water rushing in to the ship.

"My Joe," I shouted. "are you trying to sink my boat?"

I could hear men running below to

all parts of the ship. I climbed down roaring. One of the men spoke up.

"They are cutting the fuses and closing the flood valves."

"Fuses, flood valves, by Joe. How's that happen?"

Then one of the men said: "But some one called down that all is lost."

"Afterward you called 'open' and we thought you meant open the flood valves."

The fuses had been burning for about fifteen minutes out of their fifteen, and hundreds of gallons of water were pouring into the ship.

"They got so hot that they exploded."

"They exploded, by Joe. I looked for the fellow who said 'All is lost.' He came forward at once and confessed.

"I wasn't calling to the men below, I merely said it to myself."

"Why do you say 'all is lost' by Joe? Just when everything is fine?"

Continued next week.

Printing to Please Particular People at Popular Prices—CITIZEN OFFICE.

Watch this Space for Dates.



Eyes Examined, Glasses Fitted

by E. L. GREENLEAF, Optometrist

over Rowe's Store

will be in Bethel

Saturday, May 25.

##

**Classified Advertising**

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.  
Each word more than 25, one cent per word per week.

Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

**For Sale**

**FOR SALE**—Ford Roadster with pick-up body. New tires. New paint. Priced to sell. E. E. BENNETT, Bethel, Me. Tel 25-9.

**FOR SALE**—1924 Ford touring car. New battery. Good condition. H. E. SWINNERTON, Bethel. 5p

**FOR SALE**—The Frank P. Cole farm on State road, one mile from Bryant's Pond village. A fine location. B. R. BILLINGS, Bryant's Pond, Me. 48tf

**TIDE RED FEATHER FARM** (Henry M. Goodwin, Prop., Norway, Me.) Breeding S. C. Red poultry since 1907. Baby Chicks, Hatching Eggs, Pulletts and Cockers for sale in season. Newborn Brooders, Cyphers Incubators and parts always on hand. 34tf

**Wanted**

**WANTED**—Clean rags, free from dirt, in pieces not less than a foot square. CITIZEN OFFICE

**WANTED**—Live poultry. JACK McMILLIN. Tel 28-32. 6p

**WANTED**—Live Poultry. Also white turkeys with fine condition. JACK McMILLIN. Tel 28-32. 3p

**WANTED**—Horses and Cattle to pasture. Wonderful pasture, springs and brook water. Also pasture to let. J. P. HARRINGTON, H. F. D. 3, Bethel, Maine. Phone 20-12. 5

**Help Wanted**

Capable woman or girl for general work. Good pay for right party. STAR MATCH, Bethel, Maine.

**To Let**

**TO LET**—Pasture on Sam Felt farm, about 1½ miles for horses or cattle. Inquire of Mrs. E. H. Bradford, Drake's Mill, Tel. 20-5. 5

**TO LET**—Summer Cottage at North Pond, 1½ miles from Larke's Mills. Two rooms completely furnished. On land and R. T. D. roads. Inquire of GUY HARTLETT, H. P. D. 1, Bethel, Maine.

**Miscellaneous**

**LAWN MOWERS SHARPENED**—Have installed large size Ideal lawn mowers and prepared to sharpen power and hand mowers. John Wright, Pine Street, South Paris. 10p

**PIANO TUNING**—H. L. White will be in Bethel late in June. Orders with V. J. Tyler. 3p

**Trees Don't Freeze**

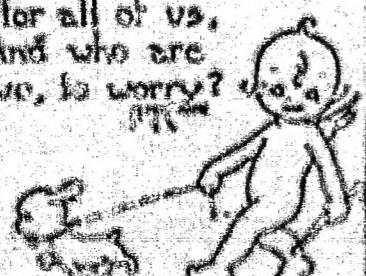
Notwithstanding the popular belief that trees freeze in the winter, scientific investigation has proved, according to a Botile late forester, that they cannot freeze but remain dormant during the winter much like certain wild animals. "Every day or so some one asks about the trees freezing," he said, "and they seem to doubt my word. Sap elevation stops in the winter and the cells remain inactive. The sap congeals and prevents freezing else the tree would die. Some trees frost will split a tree trunk open but this is due to contraction and expansion and not to freezing." —Detroit News

**Aids to Cool Greeting**

One of the greatest aids found occasionally in England is the nose pump for hand cooling. These implements were splinters of clear glass and were used 10 years ago by masters farriers who considered it necessary to have their hands cool when the gauntlets had to be worn and cleaned the following day in greeting. If the tail end of the cool glass balls hit the hand, which was extended to meet the tail, she was supposed to be meeting the highest demands of social correctness. Some of the balls were striped in colors to conform with master's costume. —Detroit News

**THE CHEERFUL CHERUB**

Let's stop and play along the way  
Why live in such a hurry?  
The world goes round for all of us,  
And who are we to worry?

**CHURCH ACTIVITIES****FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**

L. A. Edwards, Pastor  
9:30 Church School. Miss Ida Pacard, Superintendent.

10:45 Preaching service.

**BETHEL METHODIST CHURCH**

Rev. W. B. Patterson, Pastor  
Sunday Schools meets 9:45 A. M.  
Preaching Service 10:45.  
Epworth League, Sunday evening, 6:30.

Regular Sunday evening service 7:30.

"The Present in Relation to our Life Careers" is the Epworth League topic for Sunday evening. Do you believe that a thorough education is necessary for a successful career in our modern world? Is a person's future life work likely to be affected by the habits he is forming in his daily living now? If, in the future, we expect to serve God through our life work, what of our present relation to him?

An Epworth League business meeting will be held at the church Thursday evening, June 6, at 7:30.

The Study Class will meet for the last lesson Sunday afternoon at 2:30. This class is very interesting and helpful. All are welcome.

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY**

Chapman Street

Services Sunday morning at 10:45.

Subject of the lesson sermon, Ancient and Modern Necromancy, alias mesmerism and Hypnotism, Denounced.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

Wednesday testimonial meeting at 7:30 P. M.

**Oxford County United Parish**

Embracing Albany, North Lovell, Stonyham and the Waterfords. Pastoral Staff: Revs. W. I. Bull, B. F.

Wentworth, A. G. Townsend.

Rev. W. I. Bull, as delegate from the Union Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers, is attending the National Council at Detroit, Mich.

Last Sunday, in his absence, Rev. Margaret McIntire (Mrs. Glen McIntire) of Norway assisted the Staff in filling the appointments. She preached at South Waterford.

At East Stonham the Daughters of Veterans attended church in a body.

In the evening at North Waterford was held an installation service of all the 4-H Club leaders of the United Parish.

At North Lovell there was given a reception lecture on the Trail of Columbus in Puerto Rico.

Next Sunday, he giving East Stonham an early morning service and No.

Last Sunday morning Rev. B. F.

Wentworth exchanged with Rev. Walter Pavey of the Sacro Valley United Parish, Mr. Pavey preaching at North Waterford and Albany.

Good progress is now being made on the new church and community house at Waterford.

**BORN**

In Bethel, May 22, to the wife of Horace Crockett of Lakeport, N. H., a son.

In Bethel, May 22, to the wife of Carl L. Brown, a son, John Robert,

I. Bethel, May 27, to the wife of Cliffie L. Littlehale of Magalloway Plantation, a daughter, Edith Beatrice.

In Norway, May 27, to the wife of George E. Johnson, a son, Richard.

In Greenfield, May 28, to the wife of Roy Morgan, a daughter, Ruth Hobbs.

**Married**

In West Paris, May 24, by Rev. Eliza B. Parker, Deacon A. Mundy of Bethel and Miss Ida F. Parker of Monson.

**Died**

In Norway, May 24, John P. Sampson, aged 42 years.

In Oxford, May 25, Miss Louise Higgs, 62, ½ years.

In Aptucxet, May 26, Edwin Gould, son of Mr. and Mrs. Abbott Kenison, aged 9 years.

**Food and Exercise**

The trouble with most Americans girls and women, but men particularly is this: They violate two rules: they eat too much, they exercise too little.

As far as the latter of meat items.

To eat the opposite of meat items.

As far as exercise is concerned, we have three things every day.

The tendency is to overeat, and none

of us are exempt from it. Outdoor

walks and games are best for the

business man. They benefit his chest

because they keep him cool and

keep his breathing good with air and

breathless deep while exercising. Any

sport is good such as golf, baseball,

rowing, tennis & golf in Physical

Culture Magazine.

**The Deferred Excuse**

By A. W. PEACH

(Copyright)

IT WAS not a happy world to John Stunt. He was trying to get his own breakfast. His housekeeper had been suddenly called away, and he was, as the expression has it, "on his own."

On his ascent from the cellar way he found the kitchen door had blown open, and wintry gusts of snow were cascading in. He closed the door and went about his labors, when an unmistakable "meow" warned him that he had a visitor. A scouting expedition revealed the visitor in his study, a kitten, decorated with a crimson ribbon. Evidently she had slipped in when the kitchen door had blown open.

After some skillful stalking, which did not make his world any the happier, he cornered the kitten. He had reason to believe it belonged next door, so he decided to drop it over the fence. He performed this act with due ceremony and retreated to his heated breakfast. As he entered the kitchen his doorbell rang and he has been throned through the bungalow to an answer.

He opened the door and found himself facing a slight figure muffled in a fur coat.

"I wonder if you have seen my kitten?" a sweet voice queried.

"I just deposited a feline of the description over the backyard fence," he replied with some coldness as he noted the time of the year, the subject, and a breakfastless man.

"Oh, you did!" the sweet voice said with increasing chills. "I thank you! But, if I am not mistaken, I just saw the kitten behind you!"

He looked around, exploded a mild expletive in his mind, snatched the kitten from under a davenport, suspended it by the nap of its neck and extended it to its master.

"You need not be quite so savage about it!" she said as she received the kitten, and turning sharply about went down the snowy walk, her small overshoe leaving quick imprints behind her.

He closed the door and retreated to his heated breakfast. As he ate, the unhappy world took on a roaster aspect, and he suddenly realized that the owner of the kitten possessed brown eyes of a remarkable depth and beauty, and her eyebrows, and the curve of her cheeks above the dainty nose.

"By Jove, she was downright pretty, and I'm just awake to the fact!" he advised himself.

He was a newcomer in the neighborhood. Probably she lived in the attractive house just back of his on the other street.

"Now, if that kitten should come again I'll have an excuse for going over, and perhaps I can make a better impression than I did this morning," he thought to himself.

He made his usual morning trip to the post office and returned by way of the street on which the pretty owner of the kitten lived. Her home was attractive, there was no doubt about that. He wondered if he could catch a glimpse of her.

The effort to do so was fatal. The deceptively cool sheltered an icy stretch made more lew by the stinging feet of schoolboys, and John cascaded down the walk in front of her house with more speed than grace.

He gathered up the outspread limbs of his six feet of extensive proportions and thought as he did so: "This is a grievous day. The Bible is right again: 'He was tempted and he fell! I'll make tracks for home and stay there!"

Once more in his snug and comfortable study he set himself to work, but it was of little use. In front of the sheet in his typewriter he saw brown eyes so deep his glance could not fathom them; the curve of rosy cheeks and the hint of heavy coils of brown hair under the fur cap.

The afternoon wore on to evening. He prepared and made way with a very satisfactory repast and was smoking a pleasant cigar when his heart jumped. At the kitchen door there sounded an unmistakable "Meow!" He rushed to the door and gathered to himself the kitten that was to be his furred excuse.

He donned the proper garb and started. He walked briskly until he came in front of his home. In the shadows he saw something dark, stretched across the walk where he had fallen. It was the girl, unconscious from the force of her fall on the snow-covered, icy walk. He gathered her in his arms, started at the sense of the firm, slight figure; then he went to the house.

Her father came to the door. There was excitement and confusion for a time, but fifteen minutes later the troubled waters were quiet and John was looking into brown eyes that regarded him oddly.

"I saw you tumble out there this afternoon and I was amazed—there was so much of you!" she laughed.

"And then I had to do it, too. It aches me right for being so disagreeable to you this morning."

"I'm afraid I should apologize, I was trying to get my own breakfast!" he said.

She smiled. "That explains it; you are a fool and I suppose—her brown, mischievous eyes bore upon him."

"I suppose because the kitten likes you so well I ought to!"

"I agree with you," he said, "and I love the kitten!"

**Earth's End-Guesswork**

According to a statement by the director of Harvard Observatory, millions of meteors strike the earth's atmosphere daily, and the annual increase of the earth's mass resulting from the accumulation of this matter is about 30,500 tons. At this rate he points out that it would take millions of years to accumulate a layer an inch thick. On the other hand, there may be slight losses in the earth's mass or in the earth's atmosphere, as it rushes through space, but it is mere speculation to talk of what the end of the earth will be.

**Ignited by Steam**

That it is possible to light a cigarette with steam was demonstrated before the Royal Institution of London. Doctor Andrade produced high-pressure steam hot enough to set fire to shavings and cigarettes. The scientist explained that the steam which escapes from a teakettle is not, strictly speaking, real steam. By the time it emerges it has condensed into tiny drops of liquid and has ceased to be steam in the true sense. Real water steam is an invisible gas.

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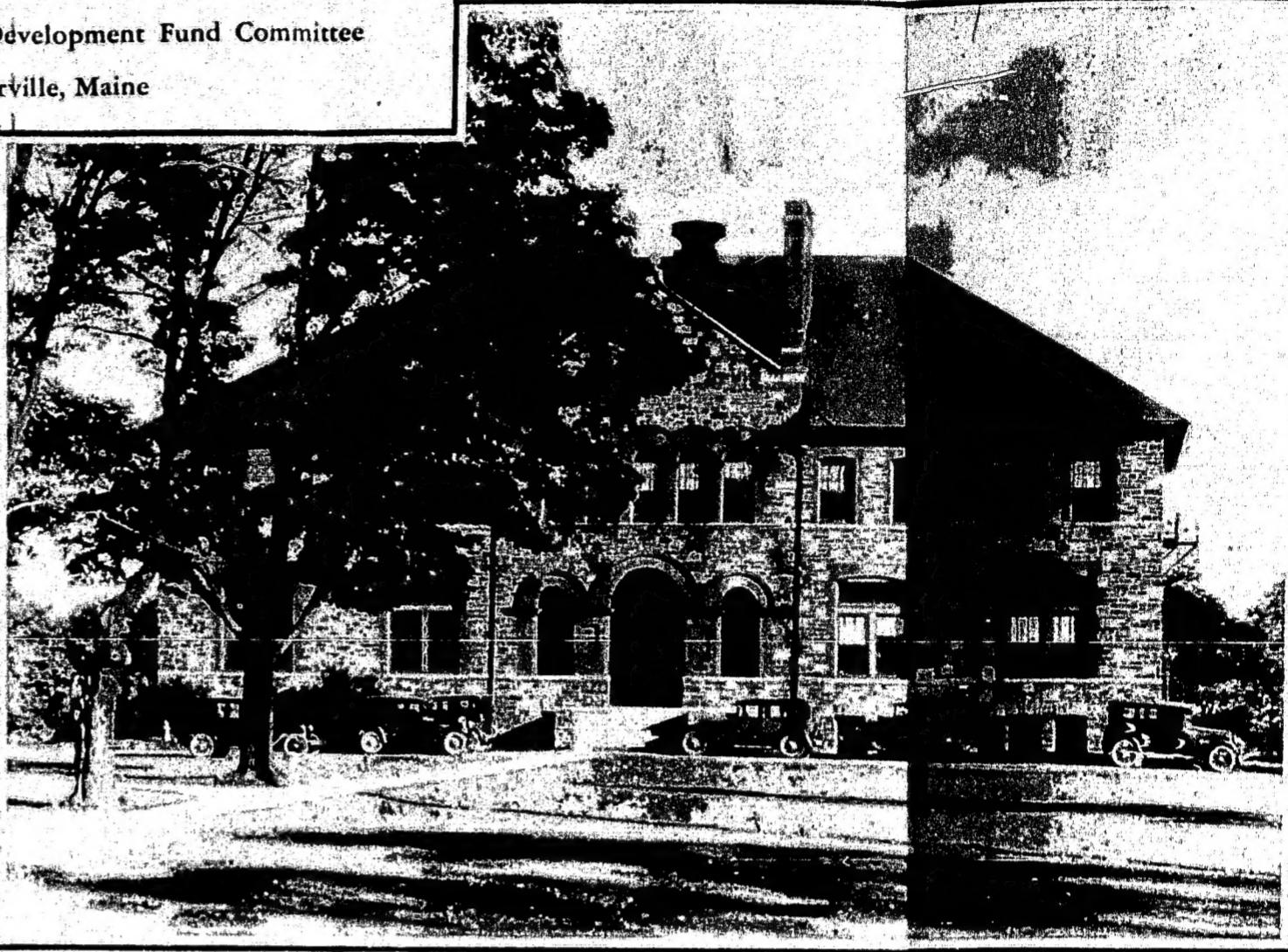
# COLBY PICTORIAL

COLBY COLLEGE Development Fund Committee

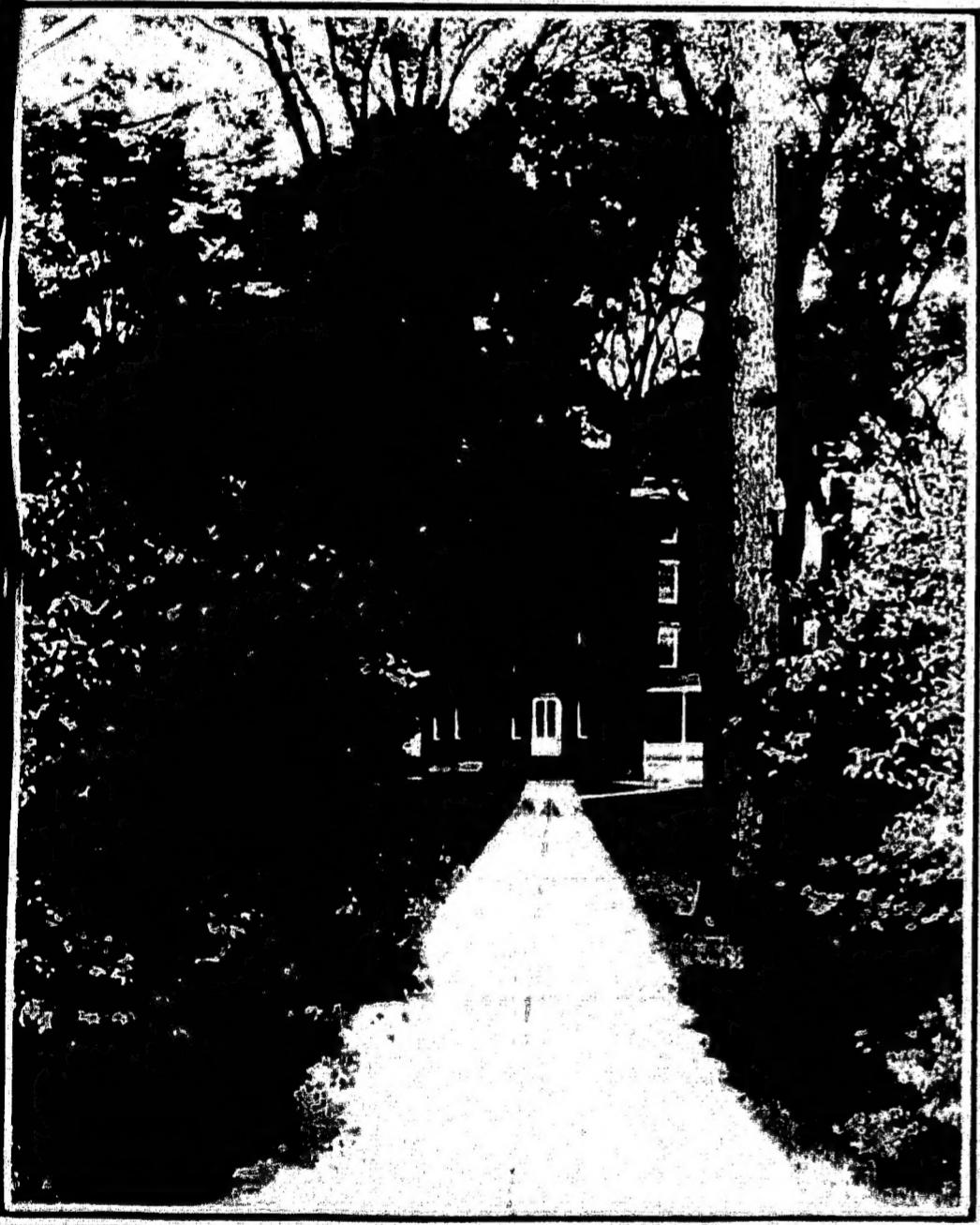
Waterville, Maine



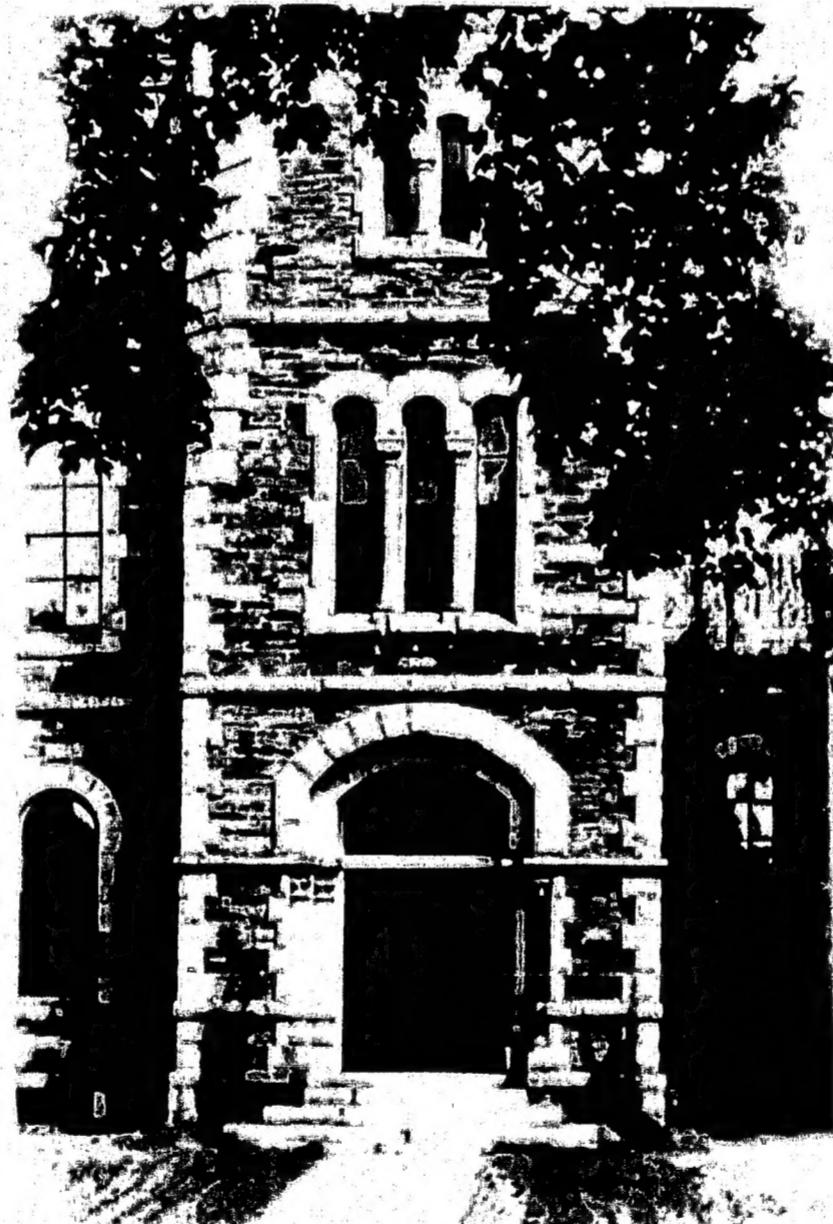
Memorial Hall



Chemical Hall



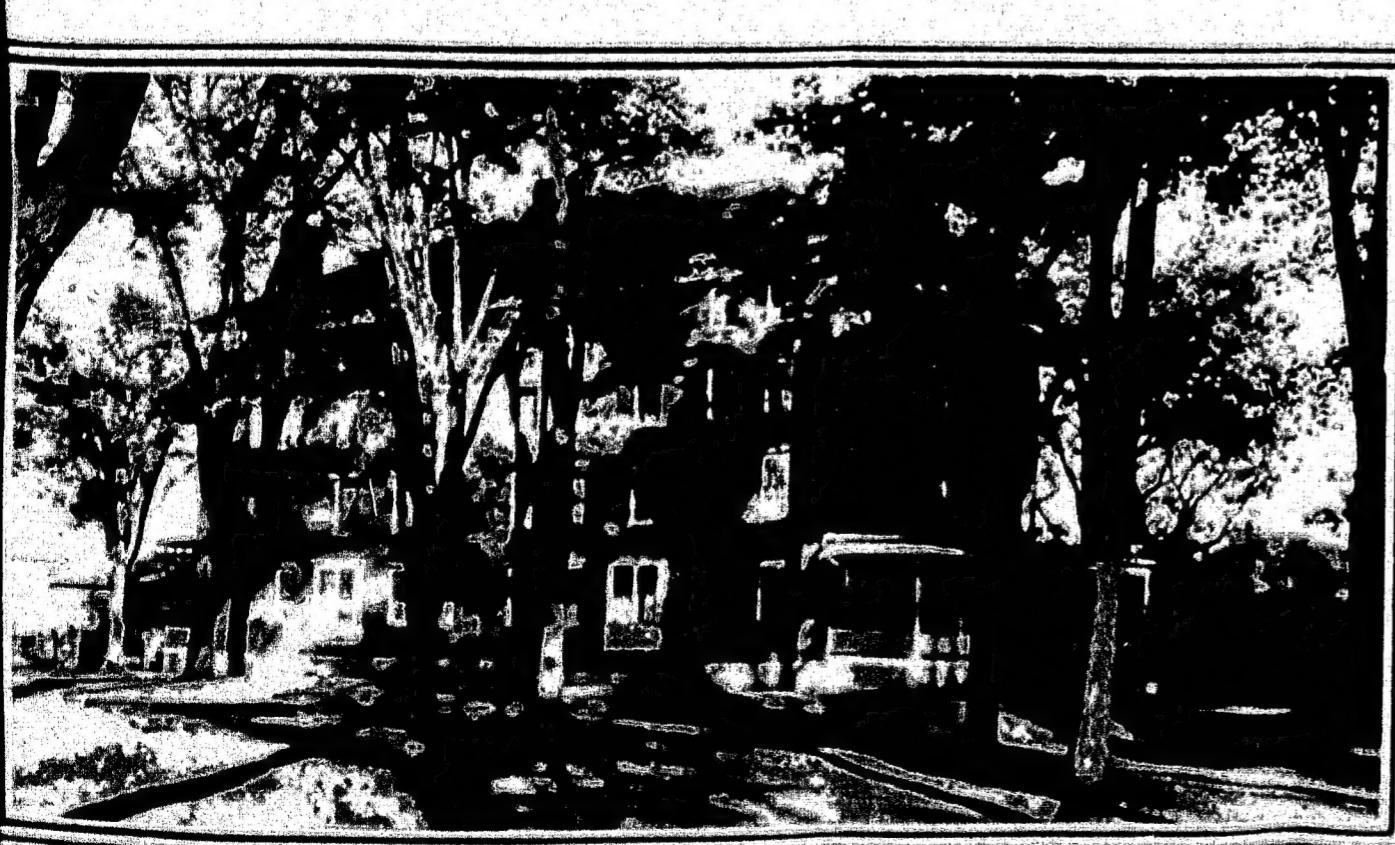
Walk Leading to South College



Entrance to Memorial Hall



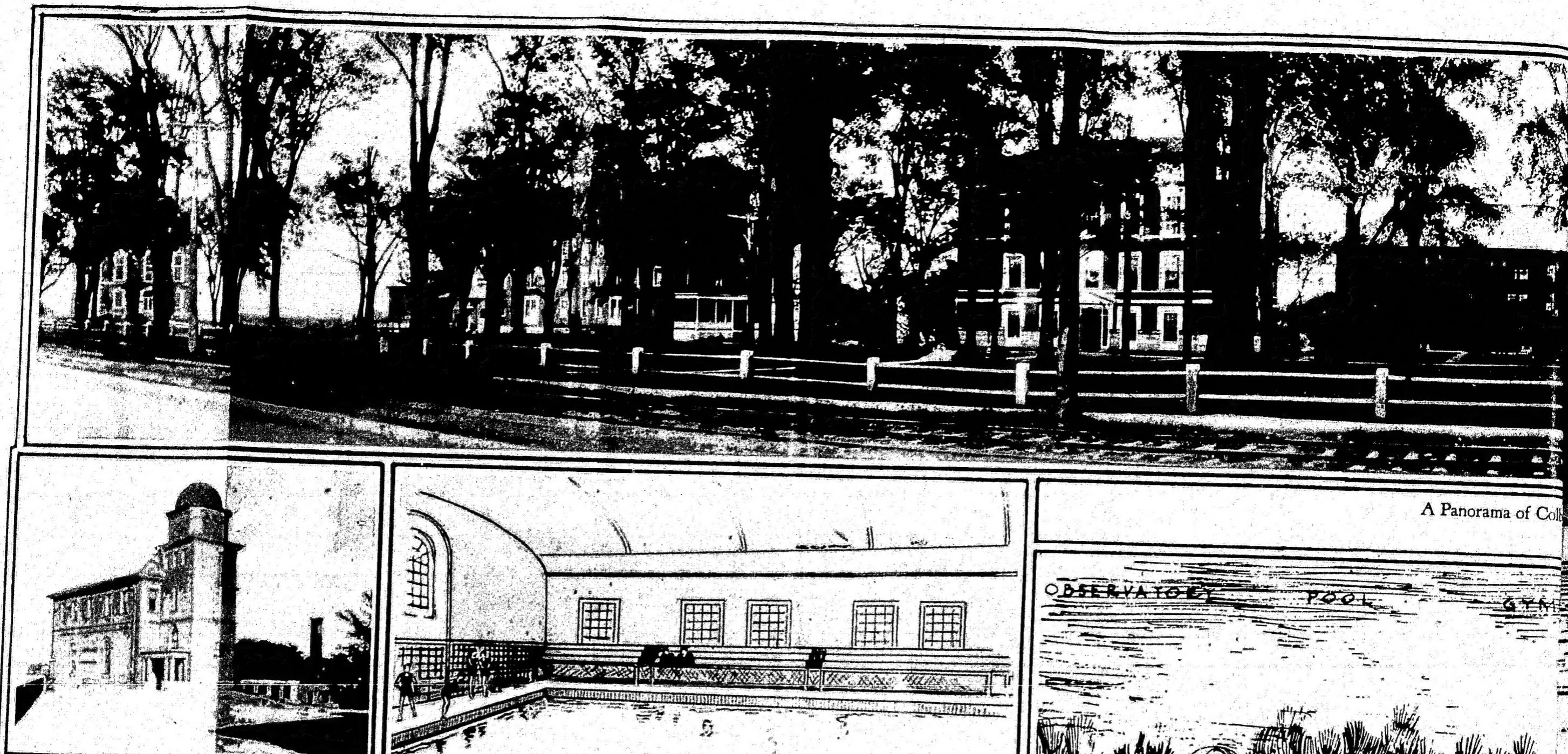
Memorial Hall :: Boardman Willows



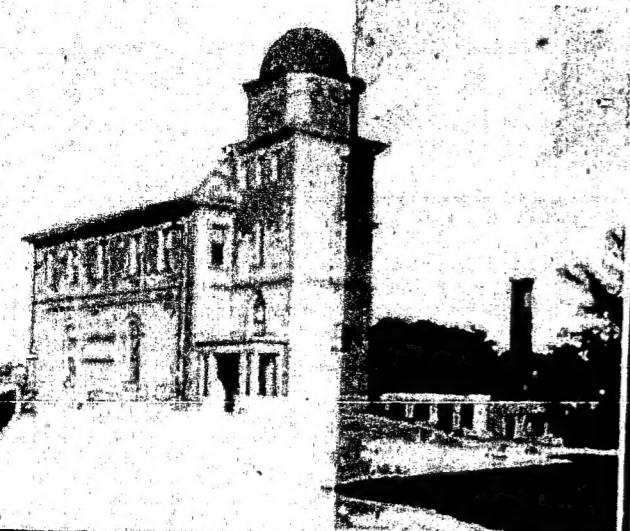
North College



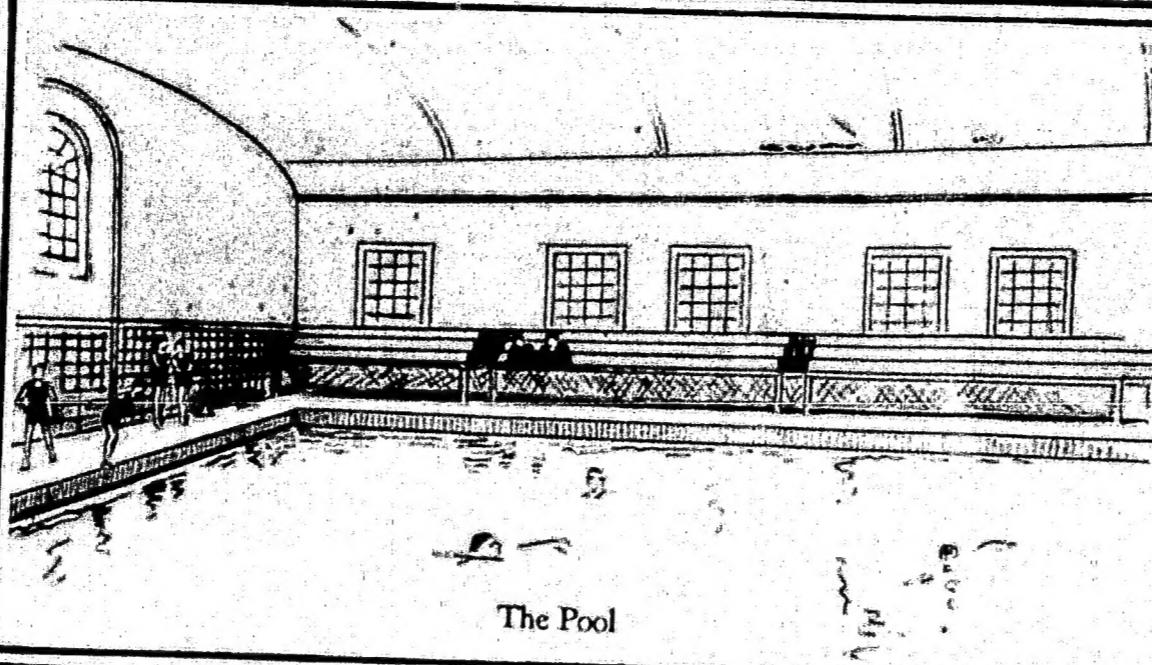
A Campus Vista



A Panorama of College Hill



Shattuck Observatory



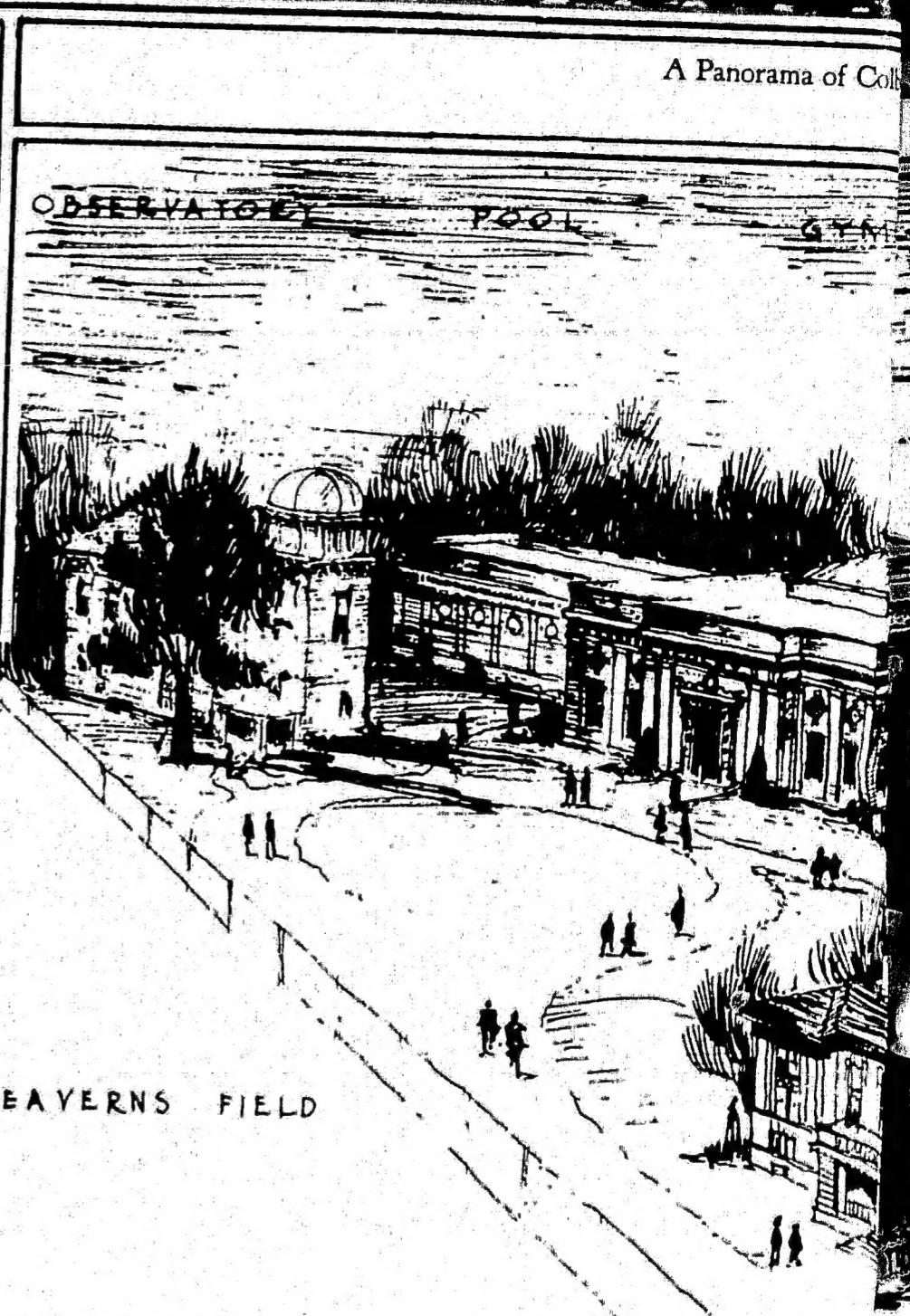
The Pool



Among the Boardman Willows



The Old Gymnasium



SEAVERTS FIELD

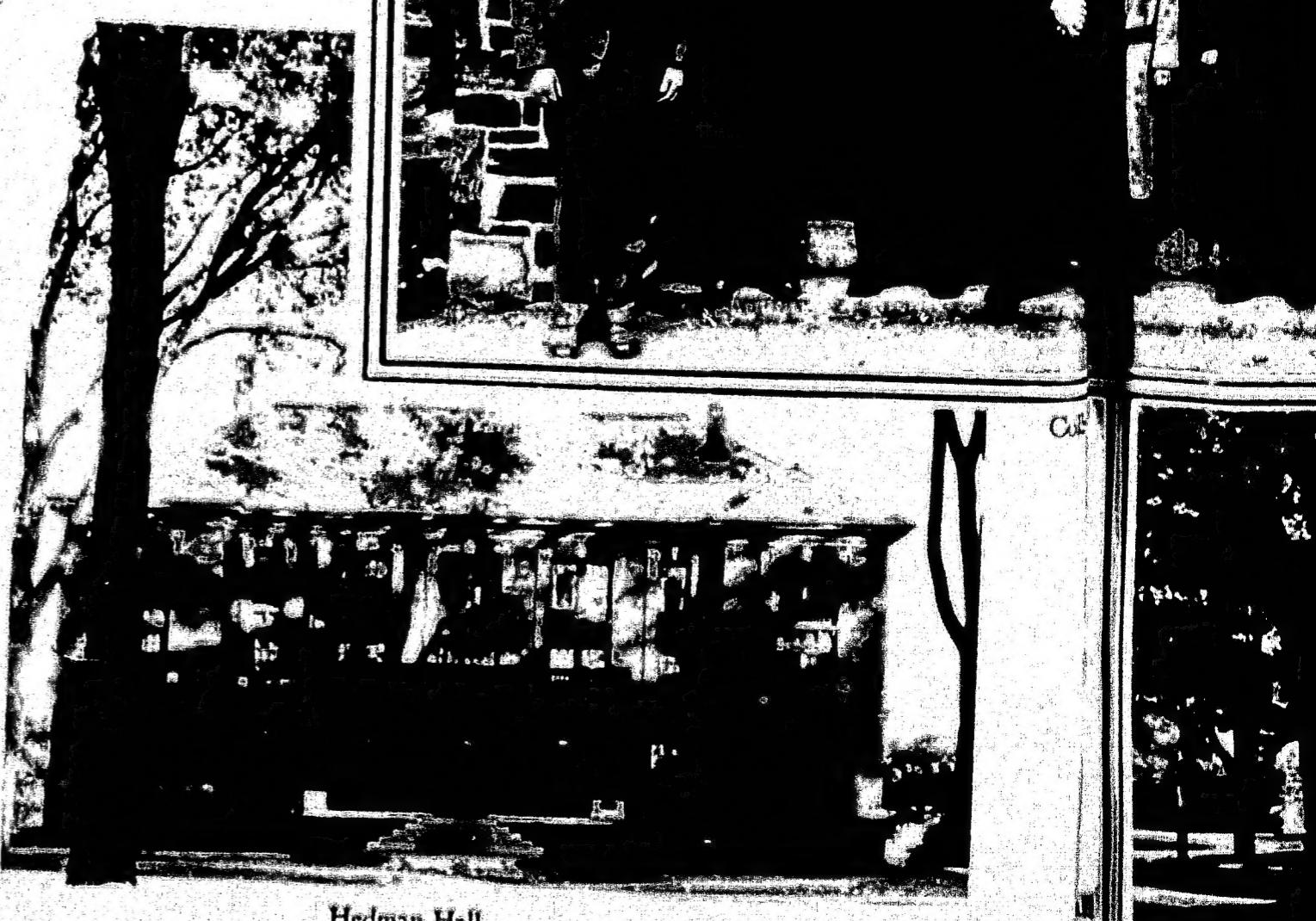


Entrance to New Gymnasium

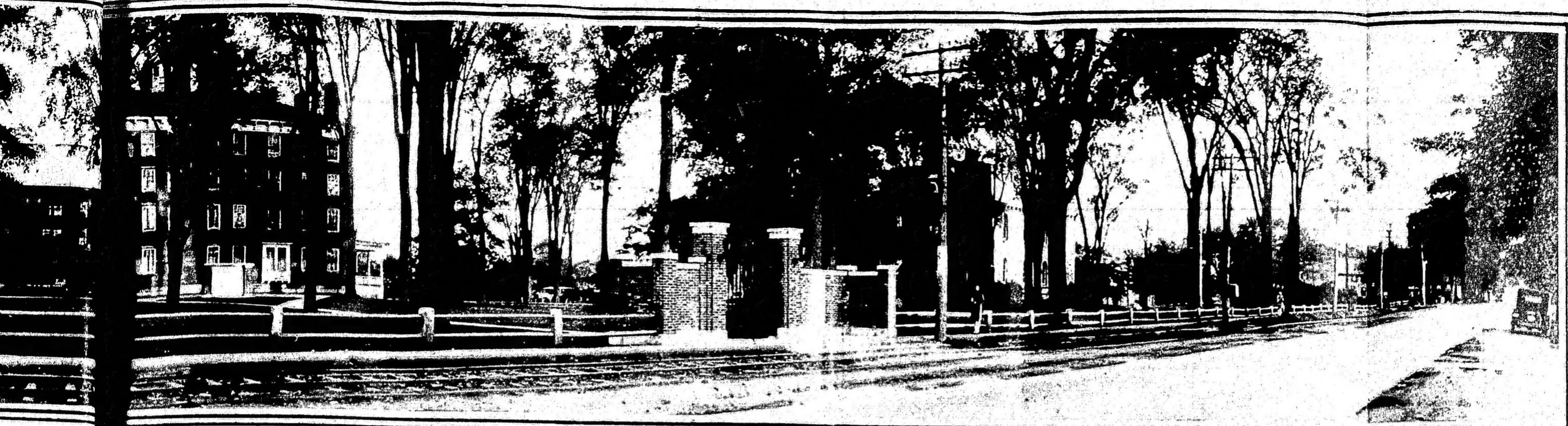
Bird's Eye View  
of Proposed  
Gymnasium and  
Indoor Field



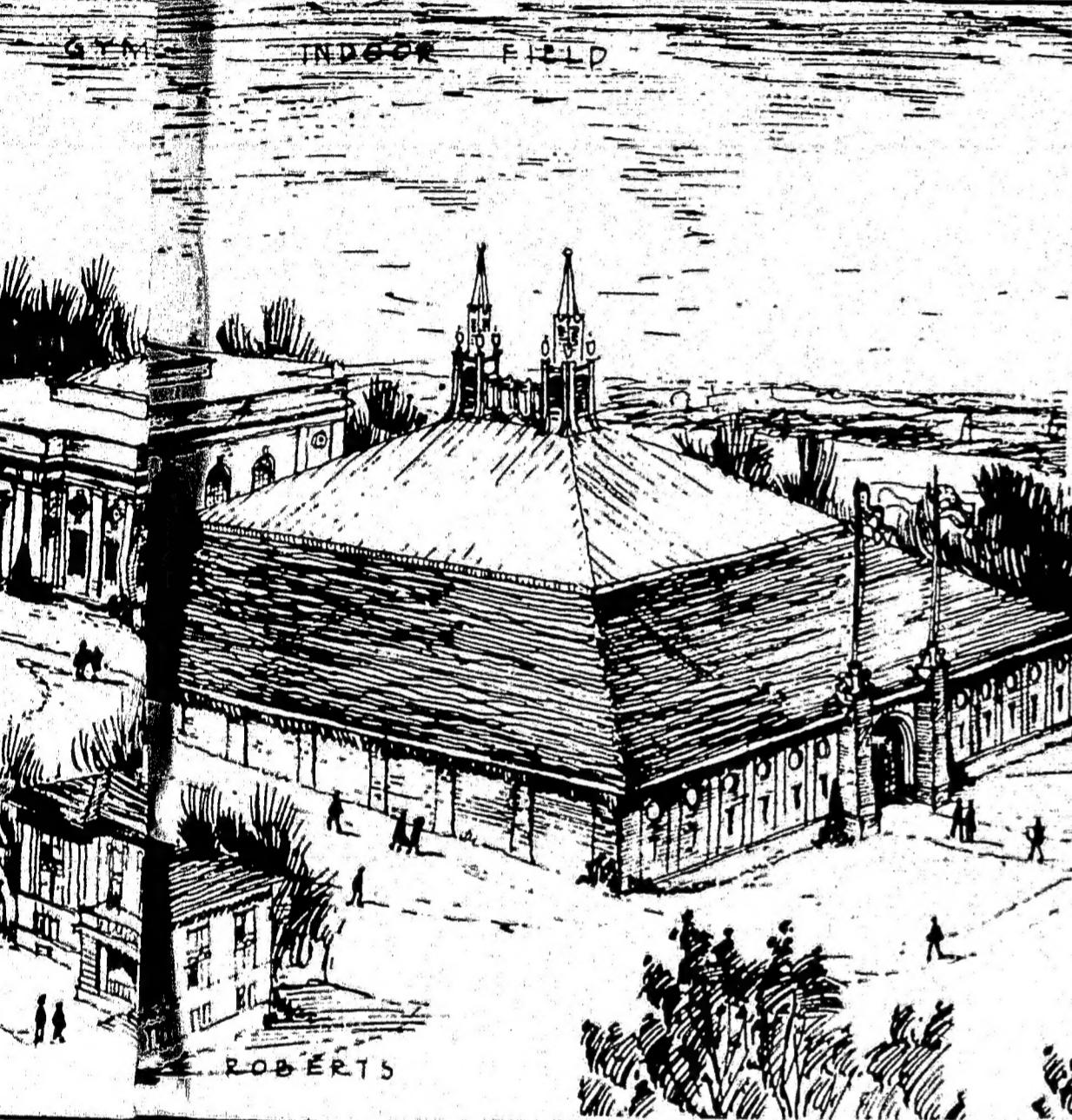
Roberts Hall



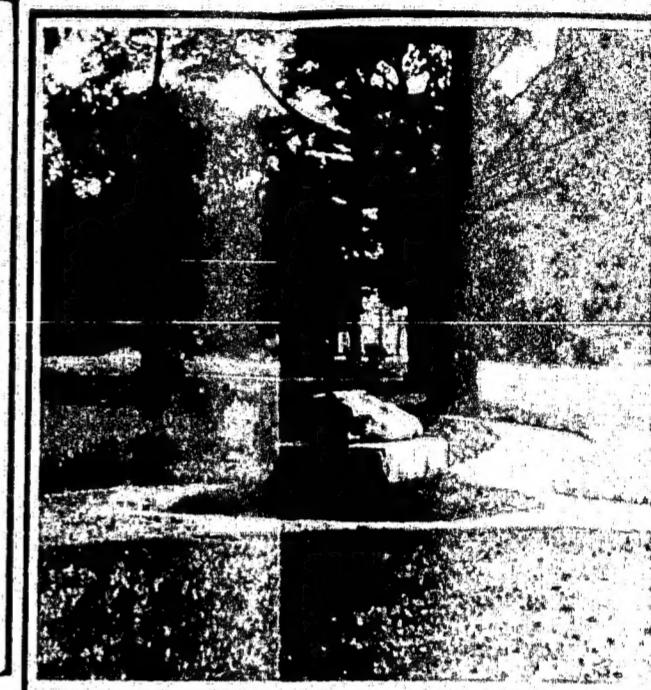
Hedman Hall



Panorama of Colby



The Lounge

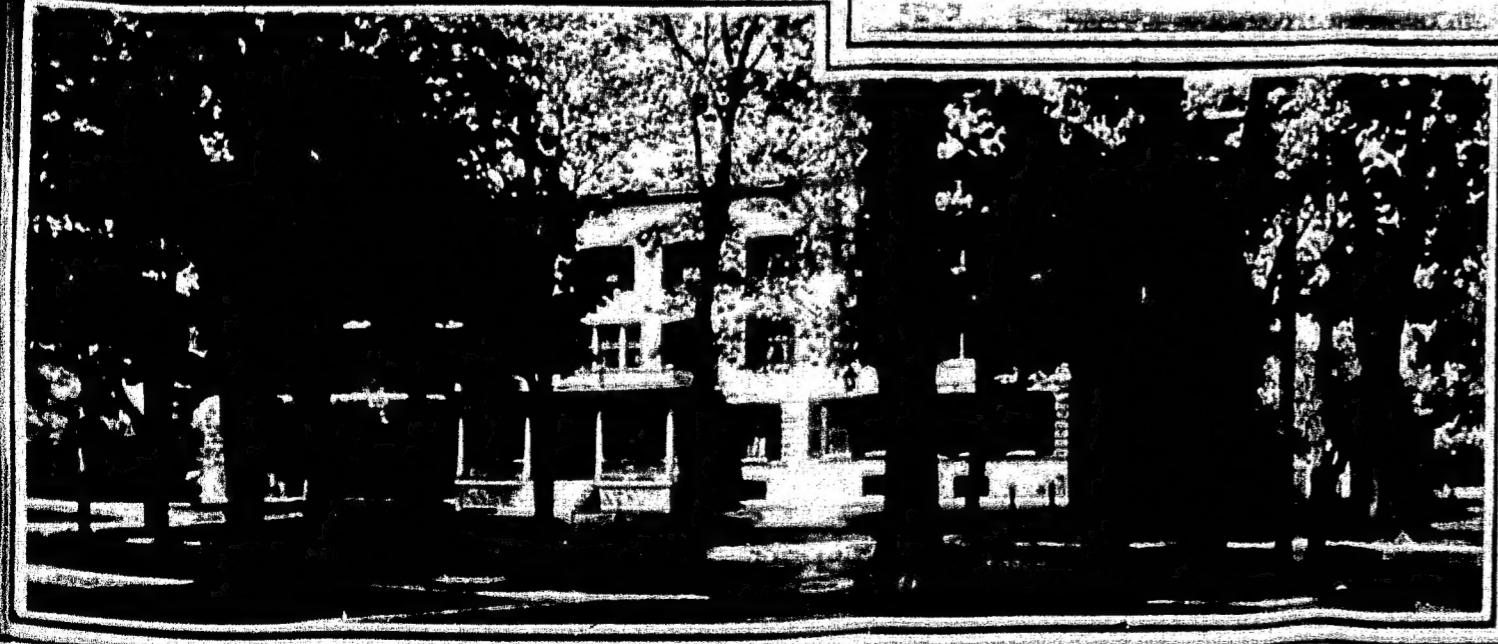


The Lovejoy Memorial



Seavers Field, The Woodman Stadium and their donors

Proposed Indoor Playing Field



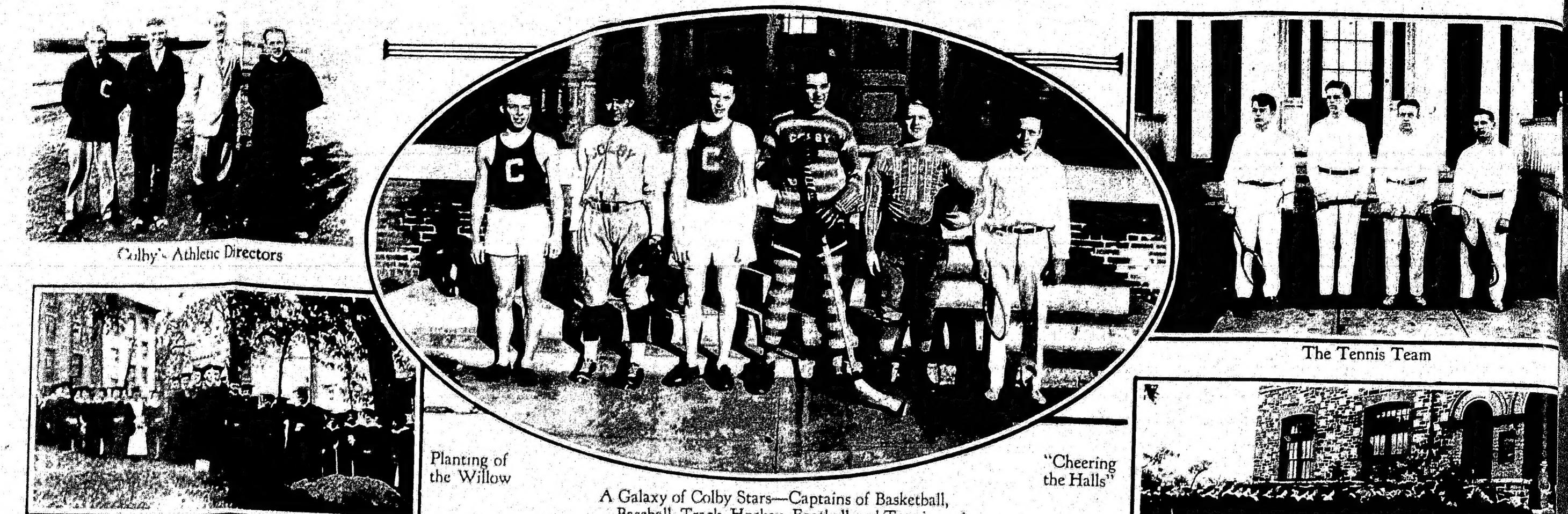
Charles F. T. Seavers, '01



Mrs. Eleanor S. Woodman



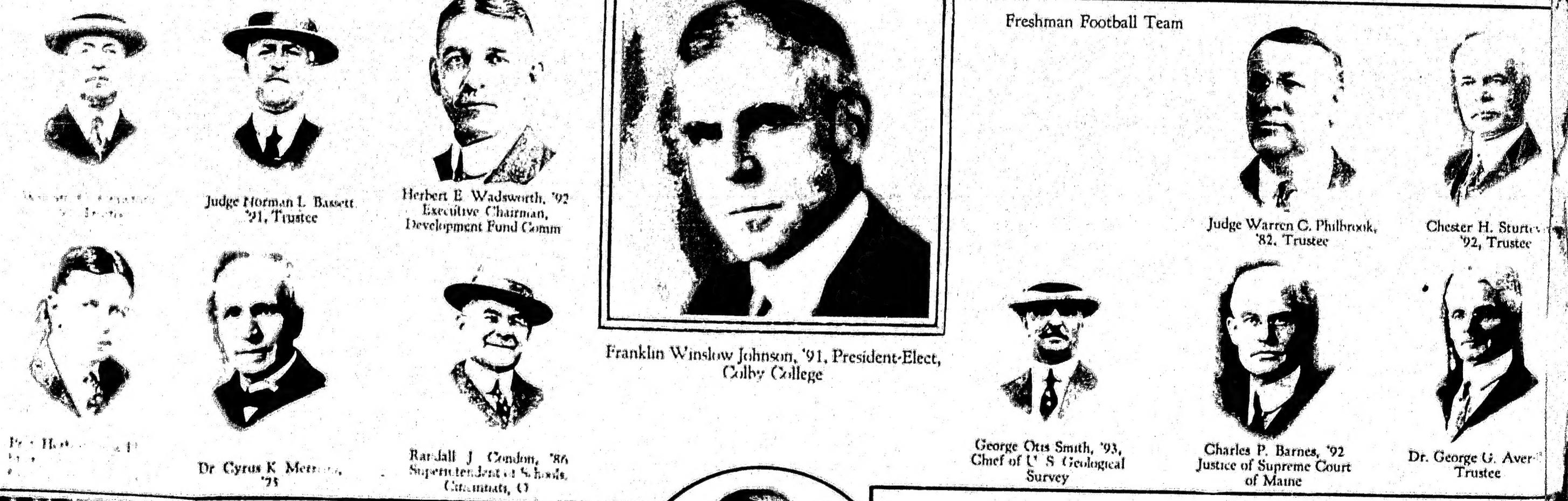
Campus Walk  
The gift of Mrs. Eleanor S. W.



Varsity Football Team



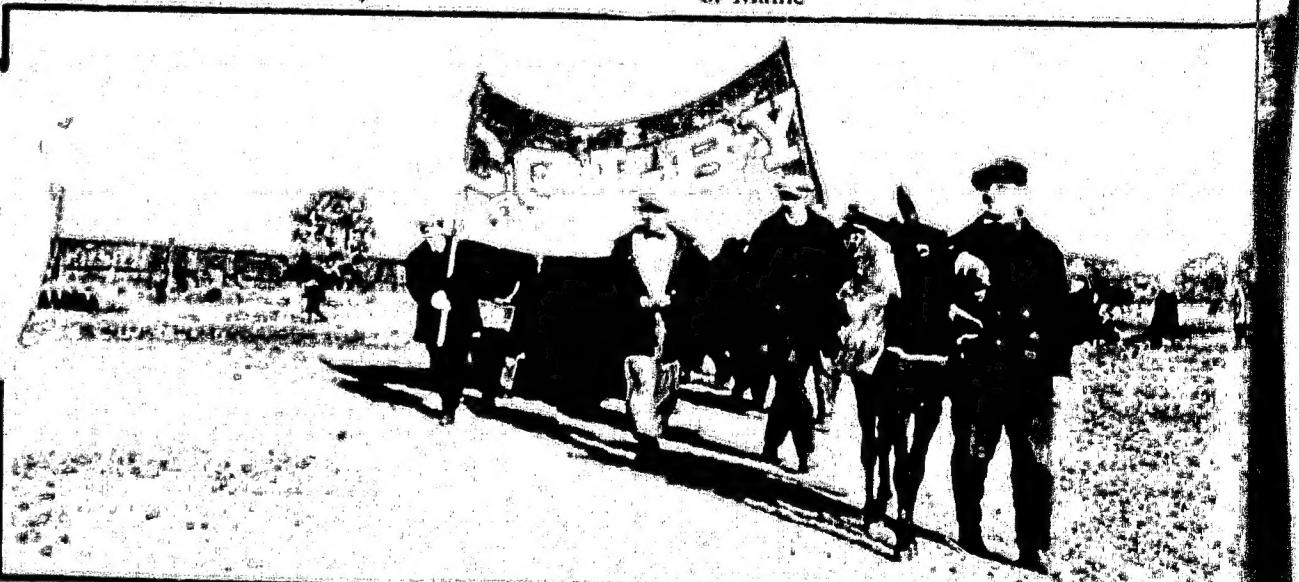
Freshman Football Team



"COLBY" Group



Brig. Gen Herbert M. Lord, '84, Director of U.S. Budget and Chairman of National Committee.



The Colby Mule on the job



F. C. Walker, '90  
F. W. Wellington, D. C.

Charles S. Brown, Director of the Development Fund Campaign

M. C. French, '93, Editor of the Year Book and Publicity Committee

Horace W. Rice, '93, Spring, Fall and State Manager

A. P. Diamond, '88, Treasurer of the Development Fund

Clayton K. Brooks, '98,  
One of the Heroes in  
Colby's Football History

## It's not the Principal It's your *Interest* we want

This pictorial brings news of the growing COLBY.

It is a reminder of the Development Fund in which you may invest with safety. The proceeds go directly to Colby College, so that work may proceed with the new gymnasium, swimming pool, and indoor field.

Your willingness to support this appeal with any gift, however large, however small, will be appreciated.

**COLBY COLLEGE**  
Development Fund Committee  
Waterville, Maine